

CONGRESS COLLAPSES by Senator M. M. LOGAN

THE CASE OF THE CORRUPT BRIDE

A New Perry Mason Mystery

JULY 7,
1934



Liberty 5¢



Come on...do I get one?

Talking of Spuds, of course. And so are all the knowing ones, this Summer. They're learning that Spuds do for hot-weather smoking what a refreshing shower does for a July afternoon. Why don't you try them?



Why the cool taste? It's menthol, but not menthol in the smoke. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette*, by *cooling* the smoke. So Spud gives you just pure tobacco goodness . . . *with the heat taken out.*

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SPUD
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15¢ FOR 20
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"Style is My Business..."

NATURALLY I NEED A SMART CAR!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH STYLE SCOUT MARY JOHNSON



1 "I'm glad Plymouth was the smartest. It had so many other features I need. With Floating Power I can drive all morning and still feel fit for a hard afternoon's work."

"...and I found one that's as smooth-running as it looks."

IT'S NOT EASY TO BE a style scout. Miss Johnson has to use business-like methods to determine what's smart and what isn't.

She says: "You follow definite rules in picking smart gowns for smart people. These same rules led me to Plymouth. It had everything that modern smartness requires."

But, of course, smartness alone never sold any automobile. Plymouth's better styling attracted Miss Johnson, but its extra features for comfort and safety actually sold her.

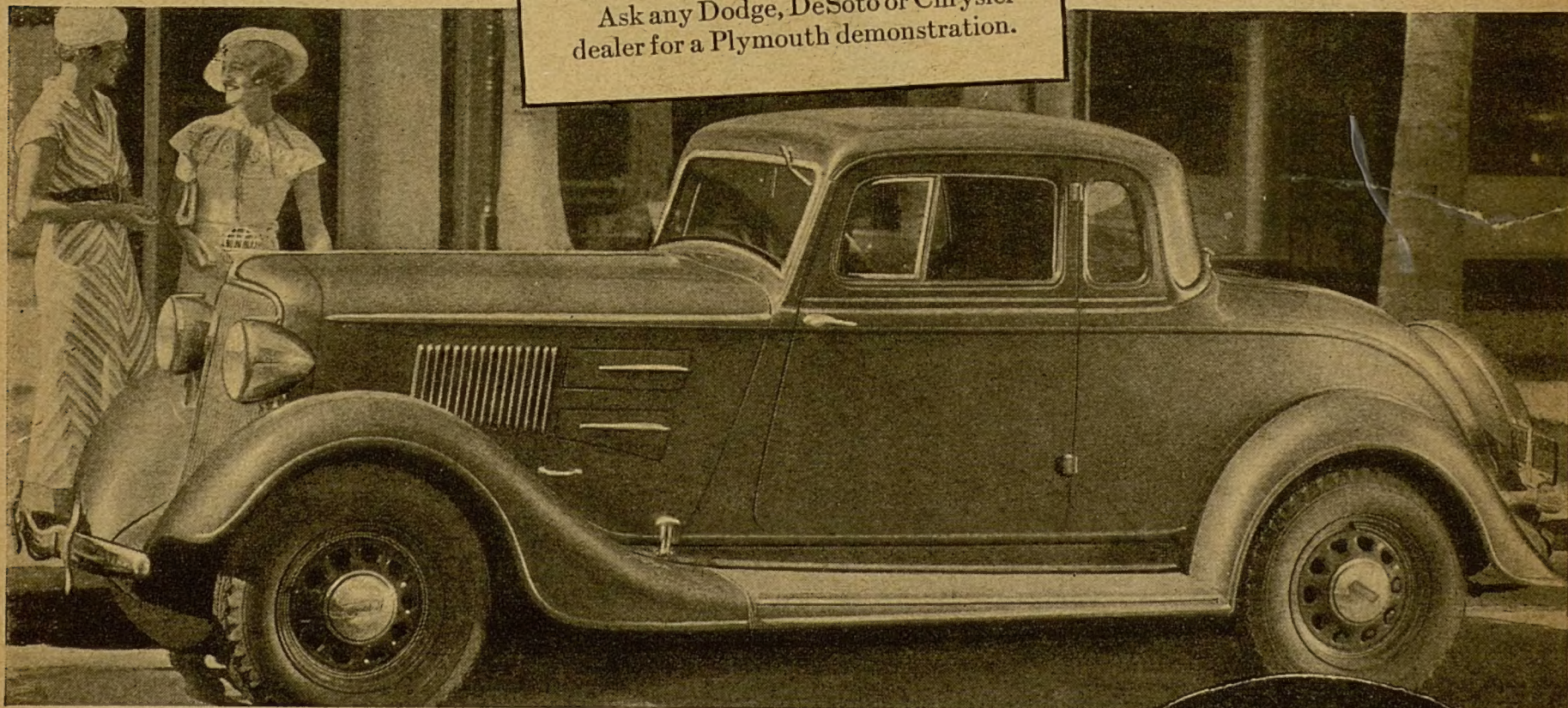
By extra features we mean Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes, Safety-Steel Body, Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Front Wheel Springing.

In the low-price field, you'll find only Plymouth has them *all*.

Ask any Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer for a Plymouth demonstration.



2 "I saw all sorts of ventilation devices on other low-priced cars. But Plymouth has ventilators that can be easily lowered all the way down—with the rest of the window."



3 Miss Johnson with her new DeLuxe Plymouth Coupe. Duplate Safety Plate Glass may be had throughout at the lowest extra cost in the industry (only \$7.50 on the De Luxe Coupe). The Plymouth Six Sedan, \$610 at the factory, is the lowest-priced 4-door, 6-cylinder sedan in America! Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

**IT'S THE
BEST ENGINEERED
LOW-PRICED CAR**

PLYMOUTH \$530

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AT THE FACTORY
DETROIT

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THE PHILIPPINES—A COSTLY WHITE ELEPHANT

AS a nation we like to pose as a world benefactor.

When we won the Spanish-American War, Admiral Dewey's victory over Spain's antediluvian ships was so decisive that we were inclined to make a special display of our belief that we were God's chosen people.

And so we paid \$20,000,000 to Spain for the Philippine Islands.

Why we paid Spain for these islands will always be a mystery. There was no necessity of paying anything for them. We won the war and could have dictated terms to Spain; in fact, if any payments were to be made, Spain should have paid us for taking the islands.

But the pose of being a very superior people has always appealed to our citizens, and to take over the Philippine Islands—this land of semisavagery—and to educate and civilize these people, was a praiseworthy undertaking. It was applauded everywhere. But nothing whatever was said about the enormous expense that would be incurred by this philanthropic enterprise.

And it is entirely questionable whether our brand of civilization is understood or appreciated or, in fact, has materially benefited the Filipinos. There is certainly no gratitude on their part for what we have done for them—if we have done anything.

And the fight they are making for independence—what will they do when they get it? They will simply be gobbled up by some other world power shortly thereafter. There will be a fight for whatever business there is to be obtained in that country, and Japan, being the nearest neighbor, will probably

secure the lion's share.

But now let us look at the cost in dollars and cents of our noble gesture.

The United States Treasury has been paying \$4,000,000 annually to the Philippine Islands. It costs us \$22,000,000 more for lower rates of tariff and other privileges of a similar nature. This brings the actual total to \$26,000,000 annually. Since we have acquired the Philippine Islands it has cost us a grand total of \$175,000,000.

At the time we acquired these islands we were probably starting out to convert the whole world to our ideals and our form of government. Since then we have learned that we are not entirely perfect, and it is about time we were relieved of this monumental expense of

"nursing" this far-distant country. Some one has said something about Japan wanting the Philippine Islands. Well, why not sell them to Japan? There is not a well informed American citizen who would not be glad to get rid of this financial burden.

We have learned by this time that our advertised virtues of the past are not quite as represented and our brand of civilization has many defects. Doubtless the lawlessness from which we are suffering at present is a record that could not be equaled in the Philippines or any so-called semicivilized country.

About one half million dollars weekly—that is the cost of the Philippine Islands to our taxpayers. Why not rid ourselves of this heavy financial load?

And if the Philippine Islands look inviting to Japan, a business conference might bring pleasing results for all concerned—and especially to the American taxpayers.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Vacation is no time for headaches!



OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS . . . the beach . . . or the sea . . . away for a glorious vacation! Don't let a dull head spoil your good time. With a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer always at hand, the haunting fear of headaches need never worry you.

Bromo-Seltzer has stood the test of forty years' dependability for promptly relieving headaches, neuralgia, "morning after", and pain of nerve origin. It is not "just a mere pain-killer" but a balanced preparation of five medicinal ingredients—each with a special benefit. Here's what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer.

As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. Drink it while it fizzes. The carbonation is one of the reasons why gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works faster because you take it as a *liquid*.

At the same time nerves are soothed and calmed . . . you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is built up by the citric salts.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it doesn't upset the stomach.

No mere pain killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of 5 medicinal ingredients each with a special purpose.

This vacation take along a bottle

of Bromo-Seltzer. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda-fountain. Look for the famous blue bottle with the name "Bromo-Seltzer" blown in. Imitations are not the same . . . are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



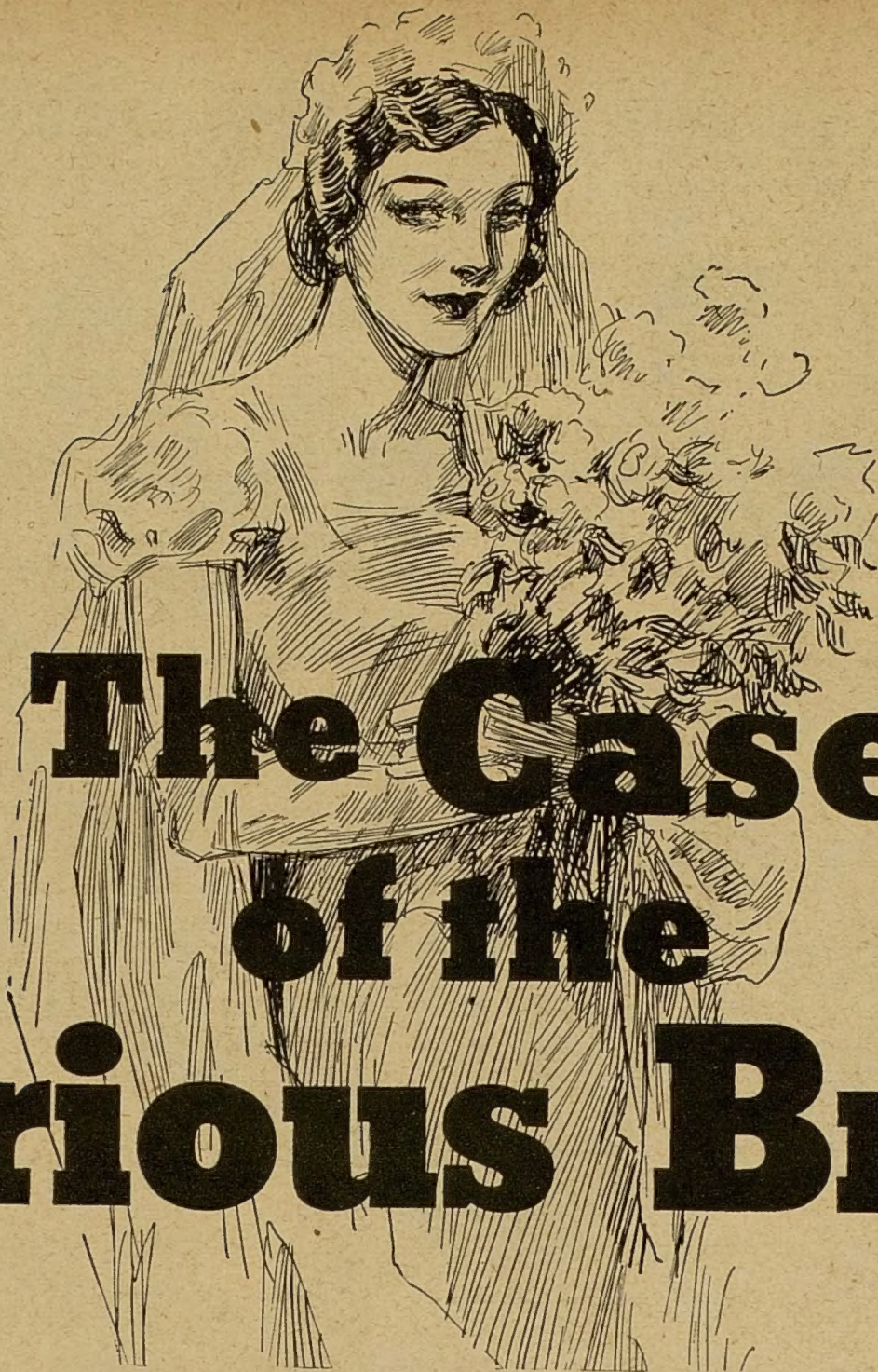
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



The Case of the Curious Bride

PART ONE—THE GIRL WITH THE GUN

THE woman was nervous. Her eyes held for a moment on the eyes of the lawyer, then slithered away to the book-lined walls, as the eyes of an animal survey the bars of a cage. She had remained standing, silent.

"Sit down," said Perry Mason.

He studied her with a frank scrutiny which had been developed by years of exploring the dark recesses of human minds—not only of witnesses but of clients.

"I'm calling," she said, "on behalf of a friend."

"Yes?" asked Perry Mason tonelessly.

"My friend's husband has disappeared," she said. "I understand there's an expression known as 'legal death' that covers such matters, isn't there?"

Perry Mason didn't answer her directly.

"Your name," he said, "is Helen Crocker?"

"Yes."

"Your age?" he asked abruptly.

She hesitated a moment. "Twenty-seven," she said.

"My secretary thought you were a bride," the lawyer went on.

"Please," she said, "let's not discuss me. I'm simply a messenger. Your fee will be paid—in cash."

"My secretary," Perry Mason went on, "usually doesn't make mistakes. She said you fingered your wedding ring as though it were new to you."

She spoke with quick desperation, as if reciting a speech learned by rote:

"My friend's husband was in an airplane. Somewhere over a lake. It was foggy. Apparently the pilot hit the water. A fisherman heard the plane but couldn't see it."

"Are you a bride?" Perry Mason asked.

"No!" she said with swift indignation.

"Are they certain the plane was wrecked?"

"Yes; they found some wreckage. I think it was what they call a pontoon—I don't know much about airplanes. They found the body of one of the passengers. They never found the body of the pilot, nor the other three passengers."

"How long have you been married?"

"Please," she said, "leave me

In Which Perry Mason,

Who Solved the Baffling

"Case of the Howling Dog,"

Follows the Tangled

Threads of an Even More

Fascinating Mystery

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 2 SECONDS



Moxley took a deep breath and opened a drawer. The next moment Perry Mason was facing a blued-steel automatic.

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

out of it. I have already explained to you, Mr. Mason, that I am trying to get information for a friend."

"I take it there was some life insurance and the company refuses to pay until the body has been discovered?"

"Yes." She breathed easier.

"And you want me to collect the insurance?"

"Partially that."

"What's the rest of it?"

"She is wondering about her right to remarry."

"How long since her husband disappeared?"

"About seven years, I think, going on eight."

"No one," asked Perry Mason, "has heard from the husband in the meantime?"

"No, certainly not. He died. But—about the divorce."

"What divorce?" asked Perry Mason.

She laughed nervously.

"I'm afraid I'm getting the cart before the horse," she said.

"This woman wants to remarry. Some one told her that unless her husband's body had been discovered she would have to get

a divorce. Tell me, could she remarry without getting a divorce?"

"It's been over seven years since the disappearance?"

"Yes. It has been that long, at least."

"You're positive of that?"

"Yes. Between seven and eight years now. But it wasn't when—"

Her voice trailed off into silence.

"When what?" Mason asked.

"When she first met this man she's going with," Helen Crocker finished lamely.

Perry Mason studied her.

She was a little sallow. Her mouth was a bit too long, her lips too full. But she was well formed, and there was a sparkle to her eyes.

Taken all in all, she was not hard to look at.

"Was there," asked Perry Mason, "anything else that your friend wanted to know about?"

"Yes. That is, she's curious about it, that's all—just curious."

"Curious about what?" Mason asked.



PERRY
MASON

"Curious about what you lawyers call the *corpus delicti*."

Perry Mason became rigid with watchful attention.

"What about it?" he asked.

"She wanted to know whether it was true that they couldn't prosecute her for murder unless they found the body."

"And she wanted to know," said Perry Mason, "just for curiosity—is that it?"

"Yes."

"So this friend of yours," Perry Mason said, staring steadily at the young woman, "must produce the body of her dead husband in order to collect the insurance and be free to remarry, and at the same time keep that body concealed in order to escape a prosecution for murder? Is that it?"

HELEN CROCKER came up out of the chair as though she had received an electric shock.

"No!" she said. "Certainly not! She's just curious about that last. She'd been reading a book."

Perry Mason rose.

"Very well," he said. "Tell your friend if she wishes to have her questions answered she can make an appointment through my secretary."

Dismay flooded Helen Crocker's features.

"But," she protested frantically, "she can't come herself. You're to give me the information."

"No," he said. "That's a poor way to get legal information. Tell her to come."

Helen Crocker started to speak, but checked herself.

"There is," said Perry Mason, "no charge. I have given you no information."

The lawyer walked across the office and opened a door that led to the corridor.

"You can," he said, "get out this way." He indicated with his hand.

His face held the expression of a poker player who calls the bluff of an opponent. Helen Crocker elevated her chin, clamped her lips together, said, "Very well," and swished past him into the corridor. She did not once look back. A descending elevator cage caught her signal almost as soon as she jabbed her thumb against the button.

Her back was still to Perry Mason as the cage door slammed shut and the elevator dropped smoothly and noiselessly out of sight.

Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary, looked up inquiringly as Perry Mason opened the door of his private office. Automatically she picked up a pencil and reached for the daybook in which she entered the names and addresses of those who called, the amount of time they consumed, and the fees received.

"No fee," said Perry Mason.

Without in the least changing her facial expression, her eyes managed to show an inquiry.

Those eyes dominated her face. They were clear, steady, and unafraid—the eyes of one who saw far beneath the surface.

"She tried to pull that old line on me," the lawyer explained, "of a mysterious friend who wanted certain information. She asked me several questions. If I'd told her the answers she'd have walked out and tried to apply the law I had told her to the situation that terrified her. The results would have been a mess."

"She was terrified?"



"So this friend of yours," Perry Mason said, "must produce the body of her dead husband to be free to remarry, and at the same time keep it concealed to escape a prosecution for murder?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

"Yes," said the lawyer, and lapsed into a moment's thoughtful silence.

Between Della Street and Perry Mason was that peculiar bond which comes to exist between persons of the opposite sex who have spent years together in an exacting work where success can be obtained only by perfect coordination of effort. All personal relations are subordinated to the task of achievement, which brings about a more perfect companionship than where companionship is consciously sought.

"So what?" asked Della Street.

"So I quit playing," Mason said, "and told her she'd better tell her friend to make an appointment with me. I figured she'd weaken and tell the story. She fooled me. She wouldn't even admit she was a bride."

"She's a bride, all right," Della Street asserted.

Mason slid his right leg over the corner of her desk, pulled a cigarette case from his pocket, took out a cigarette, and said, almost as though thinking out loud, "I shouldn't have done it."

"Done what?" she asked.

"Done what I did," he said. "I could have been sympathetic and drawn her out, won her confidence, found out her secret, and lightened the load of her troubles. But I got impatient with her. I was untrue to my profession."

"She'll go to some other lawyer, chief," Della Street said reassuringly.

Perry Mason shook his head in slow negation.



"No," he said. "She'd rehearsed that story about her friend. God knows *how* many times she'd rehearsed it. Then I ripped off the cloak of her deception so easily and so casually that she lost confidence in herself. Poor kid! She came to me for help and I didn't give it to her."

Della Street's hand dropped to his. Fingers that had grown strong from years of pounding typewriter keys squeezed a message of silent understanding.

A shadow formed on the frosted-glass panel of the outer door. The knob clicked.

Della Street hastily withdrew her hand.

THE door swung open. Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Bureau, stood in the doorway, regarding them with protruding glassy eyes that held a perpetual expression of droll humor, an effective mask for a keen intelligence which passed upon life in the raw.

He let the door click shut behind him.

"Did a little jane in brown, with snapping black eyes, leave your office about six or seven minutes ago, Perry?" he asked.

Perry Mason slid to the floor and turned to face the detective, his feet spread apart, his shoulders squared.

"Spill it!" he said.

"Did she?"

"Yes."

The detective nodded.

"I'm coming out of my office on the floor below yours," he said, "when I hear a man's feet coming down the stairs

from this floor. He's running fast until he hits my floor, and then he saunters over to the elevator, lights a cigarette, and keeps his eye on the indicator. When the indicator shows that a cage has stopped at your floor, he pushes the down bell. Naturally the same cage stops for him. There's only one passenger in it—a woman about twenty-six or -seven, wearing a brown suit. She's nervous and her nostrils are expanded a bit, as though she's been running. She looks frightened."

"You must have had binoculars and an X-ray machine," Mason said.

"Oh, I didn't get all this in the first glance," the detective told him. "When I heard this guy tearing down the stairs, and then saw him start to saunter as he hit the corridor, I figured it would be a good plan to ride down on the same elevator with him. I thought I might be drumming up a job for myself."

MASON grinned, seeped smoke through his nostrils.

"Go on," he said.

"The way I figured it," the detective drawled, "was that this guy was a tail. I thought I'd see what it was all about. So when they got to the street I trailed along. The guy was tailing her all right. Somehow I don't figure him for a professional shadow. He was too nervous. About half a block from the building this woman suddenly turns around. The shadow ducked for a doorway. I kept on walking toward her."

"You think she'd spotted one or the other of you?" Mason asked.

"No; she didn't know we were living. She either thought of something she'd forgotten to ask you, or else she'd changed her mind about something. She turned around and started back toward the building. She got almost to it and then stopped. She acted as though she was afraid of something. She wanted to come

back, but she didn't dare to come back. She fidgeted around for a minute, and then she turned around again and started down the street once more. She looked as though she'd lost the last friend she had in the world. She went past me a second time without seeing me. I'd stopped to light a cigarette. She didn't see the chap who had been sticking in the doorway. Evidently she didn't expect to be tailed."

"What did he do?" the lawyer asked.

"He took up the trail."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't want to make it look like a procession. I figured that if she came from your office, and was being shadowed, you'd like to know it. But I wasn't certain she'd come from your office, in the first place; and I had work to do, so I figured I'd tip you off and let it go at that."

"You'd know this chap, of course, if you saw him again?"

"Sure. He's not a bad-looking guy—about thirty-two or thirty-three, light hair, brown eyes, dressed in tweeds. I'd say he was something of a ladies' man. His hands were manicured. He'd been shaved and massaged in a barber shop. He had that barber-shop smell about him."

Perry Mason frowned thoughtfully.

"She isn't a client of mine, Paul," he said. "She called to consult me and then got cold feet and didn't. Thanks for the tip. If anything comes of it I'll let you know."

The detective moved toward the door, paused to grin back over his shoulder.

"I wish," he drawled, "you two would quit holding hands in the outer office and looking innocent when the door opens. I might have been a client. What the hell have you got a private office for?"

Perry Mason stared down into Della Street's flushed face when the detective had gone.

"How did he know," she asked, "that I was holding your hand? I moved it before the door opened and—"

"Just a shot in the dark," Mason said, his voice pre-occupied. "Something in your facial expression, probably. Della, I'm going to give that girl a break. I'm going to back up."

Her lips twisted slightly into a smile. She took a sheet of yellow paper from a file.

"Her name," she said, "is Helen Crocker. She resides at 496 East Pelton Avenue and the telephone number is Drenton 68942."

Without waiting for comment from Mason, she plugged in a line and spun the dial on the telephone. The receiver made a noise, and Della Street frowned.

"Drenton 68942," she said.

Once more the receiver made squawking noises. There was a moment's pause, then Della Street's voice said, "I am looking for a telephone listed under the name of Crocker. The initials I'm not certain about. The former number was Drenton 68942. That number has been disconnected, but it was listed under her name."

The receiver made more sound. Della Street said, "The address is 496 East Pelton Avenue. What have you listed there? . . . Thanks very much—probably a mistake in the number."

She dropped the receiver into place, pulled out the plug, and shook her head at Perry Mason.

"Drenton 68942," she said, "was listed under the name of Tucker, was disconnected more than thirty days ago. There isn't any 496 East Pelton Avenue. East Pelton Avenue is a street only two blocks long. The highest number on it is 298."

Perry Mason jerked open the door to his private office. "That," he said, "washes my hands. My conscience is clear. I've done everything I could for her."

He strode through the door, glowered savagely at the big leather chair in which the young woman had sat while she told her story.

Light streaming in from the window caught something metallic. Mason stopped to stare, then walked to the chair and bent forward. A brown hand bag had slipped down between the cushions, only the clasp visible. Perry Mason pulled it out.

"Come in, Della," he said. "Bring a notebook. Our caller left a purse behind her. I'm going to open it. I want you to inventory the contents."

She jumped to wordless obedience, pulling out the leaf of the desk, opening the notebook, holding the pencil poised.

"One white lace-embroidered handkerchief," Perry Mason said.

"One .32-caliber Colt automatic, number 3894621."

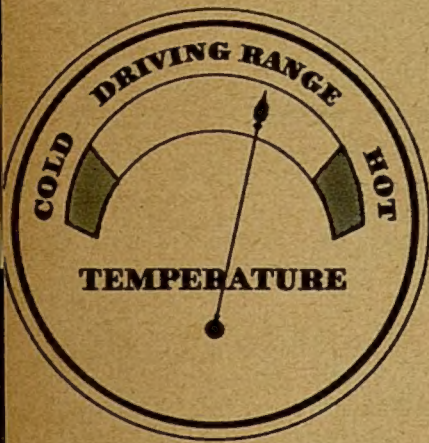
Della Street's pencil flew, but she raised startled eyes to the lawyer.

"Magazine clip for automatic, filled with cartridges containing steel-jacketed soft-nosed bullets. A cartridge in the firing chamber of the gun. Barrel seems to be clean. No odor of powder discernible."

HE snapped the magazine clip back into the gun, closed the mechanism, replaced the ejected shell in the firing chamber, went on in the same droning monotone: "Coin purse containing one hundred and fifty-two dollars and sixty-five cents. A bottle of tablets marked 'Ipral.' One pair brown gloves, one lipstick, one compact, one telegram addressed to R. Montaine, 128 East Pelton Avenue—telegram reading as follows: 'AWAITING YOUR FINAL ANSWER FIVE OCLOCK TODAY EXTREME LIMIT.' Signed 'GREGORY.' A package of cigarettes, a package of matches bearing advertising imprint 'Golden Eagle Café, 25 West Forty-third Street.'"

He held the bag upside down over the desk, tapped

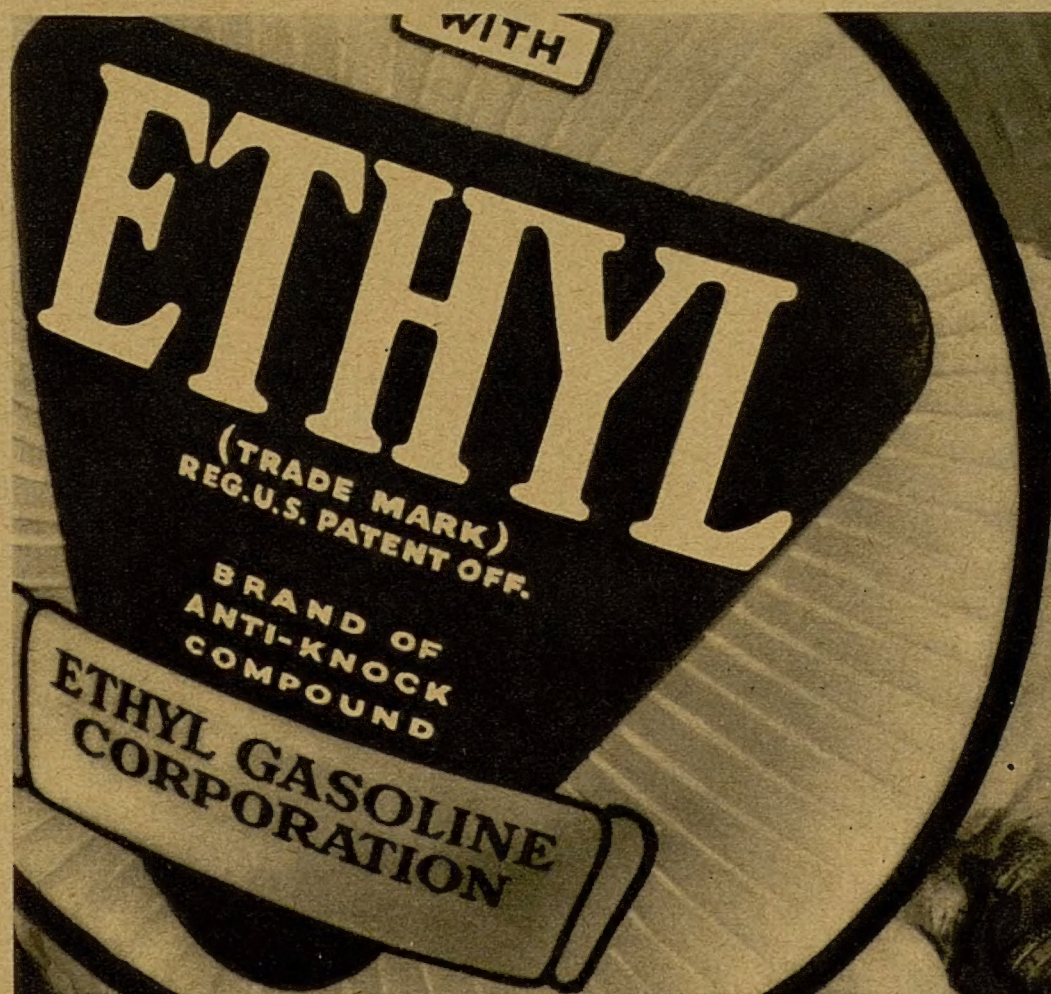
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it on the bottom. Only a sprinkle of powder fell out. "That seems to complete the inventory," he said finally.

Della Street looked up from the notebook.

"Good heavens!" she said. "What did the girl want with a gun?"

"What does any one want with a gun?" Perry Mason inquired, taking a handkerchief and removing any fingerprints which might have been on the weapon. He dropped the gun into the bag, picked up the other articles with his handkerchief-covered fingers, polished them one at a time, dropped them back into the bag.

The telegram he held for a moment, then thrust into his pocket.

"Della," he said, "if she comes back, make her wait. I'm going out."

"How long will you be gone, chief?"

"I don't know. I'll give you a ring if I'm not back within an hour. Poor kid, she's in trouble. She came to me for help and I didn't give it to her. I'm going to give it to her now."

He stuck the hand bag into his side coat pocket, strode out, and caught a down elevator. He signaled a cab at the sidewalk.

"One twenty-eight East Pelton Avenue," he said.

Mason reclined on the cushions as the cab lurched forward and closed his eyes for the twenty-odd minutes that it took the cab to make the run to East Pelton Avenue.

"Wait here," he told the driver as the cab swung in to the curb.

Mason strode up a cement walk, mounted three stairs to a stoop, and thrust an insistent thumb against the bell button.

There was the sound of steps approaching the door. Mason took the telegram from his pocket, folded the message so that the name and address were visible through the tissue-covered "window" in the envelope.

The door opened. A young woman with tired eyes regarded Perry Mason in expressionless appraisal.

"Telegram for R. Montaine," said Perry Mason, holding the telegram in his hand.

The young woman's eyes dropped to the address. She nodded her head.

"You'll have to sign," Perry Mason told her.

"You're not a regular messenger," she said, glancing past Mason to the cab that waited at the curb.

"I'm the branch manager," he told her. "I thought I could get the wire here quicker than by messenger. I was going this way on another matter."

HE took a notebook from his pocket, whipped out a pencil, handed both to the young woman.

"Sign on the top line," he said.

She wrote "R. Montaine," handed the book back to him.

"Wait a minute," Mason said. "Are you R. Montaine?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"I'm receiving messages for R. Montaine," she answered.

"Then," Mason said, "you'll have to sign your own name below that of R. Montaine."

"I haven't had to before," she said.

"I'm sorry," he told her. "Sometimes the messengers don't understand these things. I'm the branch manager."

She drew back the hand which contained the notebook, hesitated for an appreciable interval, and then wrote "Nell Brinley" under the "R. Montaine" she had previously signed.

"Now," said Perry Mason as she handed back the book and pencil, "I want to talk with you. I'm coming in."

He slipped the telegram back into his side pocket.

Suspicion and panic filled the eyes of the woman. Her face went white.

Perry Mason moved past her, walked along a corridor, stepped into a living room with calm assurance, sat down in a chair and crossed his legs.

Nell Brinley came to the doorway. She stood still for a matter of seconds, then came toward him.

"Just who do you think you are?" she said in a voice

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4

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itself, but more tempting on
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it off... only the COLOR stays.
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color... the warm red of
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your lips by using the exactly
matching shade of TATTOO
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Town..... State.....
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TATTOO

that she strove to make vibrant with
indignation but which quavered with
fear.

"I'm checking up on the activities
of R. Montaine," Mason said. "Tell
me exactly what you know."

"I don't know anything."

Mason took the telegram from his
pocket, spread it out on his knees.

"This is a telegram," he said,
"that was received here at nine fifty-
three this morning. You signed for
it and delivered it to R. Montaine."

"I did no such thing."

"The records," he said, "show that
you signed for it."

"The signature," she said, "is that
of R. Montaine."

"In the same handwriting," Mason
told her, "as that contained in this
notebook, which I saw you sign and
under which appears your signature
—Nell Brinley. That's your name,
isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Look here," Mason told her. "As
a matter of fact I'm friendly with
R. Montaine."

"You don't even know whether it's
a man or a woman," she said.

"It's a woman," he told her, watch-
ing her narrowly.

"If you're a friend of hers, why
don't you get in touch with her?"
Nell Brinley asked.

"That's what I'm trying to do."

"If you're a friend of hers you'll
know where to find her."

"I'm going to find her through
you," Mason said.

"I don't know anything about her."

"You gave her this telegram."

"No."

"Then," said Perry Mason, "it be-
comes necessary for me to disclose
my real identity. I am a detective
working for the telegraph company.
There has been some complaint made
of unauthorized persons receiving
and reading telegrams. You probably
don't realize it, but that's a felony
under our state law. I'm going to ask
you to get your things on and come to
the district attorney's office with me
for questioning."

SHE gave a quick gasping intake of
breath.

"No, no!" she said. "I'm acting
for Rhoda. I gave her the telegram."

"And why," said Perry Mason,
"couldn't Rhoda receive telegrams at
her own house?"

"She couldn't."

"Why not?"

"If you knew Rhoda you'd know."

"You mean on account of her hus-
band?" Mason asked.

"That's partially it."

"A bride," Mason went on,
"shouldn't have secrets from her
husband."

"Oh, you know about her being a
bride, then!"

"Of course," Mason said, laugh-
ing.

Nell Brinley lowered her eyes,
thinking.

Abruptly she looked up and said,
"I'm going to tell you the truth.
I'm a nurse. I'm very friendly with

Rhoda. I've known her for years.
Rhoda wanted to get some telegrams
and some mail at this address. She
lived with me here before her mar-
riage."

"Where does she live now?" Mason
asked.

"She hasn't given me the address,"
Nell Brinley said. "Rhoda is one of
the most secretive women I have ever
known in my life. I lived with her
for more than a year. We kept this
little house together. And yet I don't
know the man she married or where
she lives. I know that his name is
Montaine. That's all that I know."

"Know his first name?" asked
Mason.

"No."

"How do you know his name is
Montaine?"

"I DON'T," she said. "Only Rhoda
had the telegrams come here ad-
dressed to that name."

"What was her maiden name?"

"Rhoda Lorton."

"How long's she been married?"

"Less than a week."

"How did you get telegrams to
her?"

"She called up and asked if there
was any mail. I told her about the
telegram. She came out and got it."

"What's your telephone number?"

"Drenton 94268."

"You're a trained nurse?"

"Yes."

"When was your last case?"

"I came in yesterday. I was spe-
cial nurse on an operative case."

Mason got up, smiled.

"Do you think Rhoda will call up
again?" he asked.

"Probably, but I'm not sure. She's
very queer, very secretive. There's
something in her life that she's
concealing. I don't know just what
it is."

"When she rings up," Mason said,
"tell her that she must go back to the
lawyer she called on today, that he has
something of the greatest importance
to tell her. Do you think you can re-
member that message?"

"Yes. How about the telegram?"
she asked, her eyes on Mason's pocket.
"It's addressed to Rhoda."

"It's the same telegram you de-
livered to her this morning," he
said.

"I know that, but how did you get
it?"

"That," Mason said, "is a profes-
sional secret."

"Who are you?"

"I," Mason told her, "am the man
who left you the message for Rhoda
Montaine to go back to the attorney
she called on earlier in the day."

He walked through the corridor.
She called some question after him;
but he banged the front door, moved
rapidly down the steps, across the
strip of cement sidewalk, and jumped
into the cab.

"Snappy!" he said. "Around the
corner. Stop at the first place where
there's a telephone."

The cab driver swung in to the curb
in front of a candy store which had a

metal sign in front of it proclaiming that there was a public telephone on the inside.

Mason strode in, dropped a coin into the telephone, held his mouth close to the transmitter, and cupped his fingers over the mouthpiece so as to muffle his voice.

He gave the number of his office, and, when he heard Della Street's voice on the line, said: "Take a pencil and notebook, Della."

"O. K.," she said.

"In about twenty minutes ring up Nell Brinley at Drenton 94268. Tell her that when Rhoda Montaine comes in she is to call you at once. Give her an assumed name. Tell her that it is a message from Gregory."

"O. K., chief. What do I do when she calls?"

"When she calls, tell her who you are. Tell her that she left her purse in my office. Tell her that I want to see her at once. Now here's something else for you. Check over the marriage licenses. Find out if a marriage license was issued to a man by the name of Montaine, in which the name of the bride was Rhoda Lorton. Have Paul Drake send one of his men to the water, light, and gas companies and see if they have made a service connection for a Montaine recently. When you get the initials of the bridegroom from the marriage license, check up with the telephone company and see if there's a telephone in his name. Have Drake put a man on addresses and see if he can run down the address of the bridegroom from the marriage license. Have him get in touch with the Colt Arms Company and see if he can trace the number on that gun. You've got the number there in your notebook. Keep all of this stuff under cover. I want to get a line on that woman."

"Why?" she asked. "Has anything happened?"

"No," he told her; "but it's going to if I can't get in touch with her."

"You'll call me again?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"O. K., chief."

Mason hung up, returned to the cab.

THE printer had a small stall between skyscrapers. An oblong glass frame contained specimens of the various types of printing. A placard announced that cards and stationery were printed while the customer waited.

Perry Mason stared speculatively at the glass oblong. The man behind the short counter leaned forward.

"I can give you a quick-drying ink," he said, "that will look like engraving. It will fool even an expert."

Mason took a bill from his pocket, indicated one of the cards.

"I like this one," he said. "Make it 'R. W. Montaine, 128 East Pelton Avenue.' Down in the left-hand corner put 'Insurance and Investments.'"

"It'll take me just a minute or two to get the type ready," the printer said, handing Mason his change. "Would you like to wait here or come back in, say, ten minutes?"

"I'll be back," Mason said.

He crossed to a drug store, telephoned his office, learned that Della had received no message as yet from Rhoda Montaine.

He sat at the counter, sipped a chocolate malted milk meditatively, crossed the street, waited for another ten minutes, and received the stack of freshly printed cards.

He returned to the drug store, went to the telephone, called his office again.

"Paul Drake has uncovered the marriage license," Della Street told him. "It's a Carl W. Montaine. The address was Chicago, Illinois, but there's a water and gas connection for a Carl W. Montaine at 2309 Hawthorne Avenue. It was made within the last week. The license said that she was a widow—Rhoda Lorton. Drake wants to know how strong you want him to go on the case."

"Not too strong," Mason told her. "I haven't any client. This is just a matter between myself and my conscience. I'm putting up the money. Therefore I don't want to put up any too much."

"Don't you think," Della Street asked; "that you've done enough, chief? After all, it wasn't your fault."

Oasis

For tall, cool drinks on long, hot days—
mix with DIXIE BELLE dry GIN. It has the
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controlled distillation—with a subtle
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Envoy Club and Snug Harbor Blended Whiskies.

"No," Mason told her. "It *was* my fault, and that woman is in a jam. She won't come back."

"Not even when she knows she left her bag?"

"No," Mason said. "She must know where she left it, and she's afraid because of the gun. Has Drake heard about the gun yet?"

"Not yet. He expects to hear before five."

"O. K.," Mason said. "You stick around, Della, until I give you another buzz."

"By the way," Della Street said, "the number of Nell Brinley, that you told me to call, is Drenton 94268. The number that Rhoda Montaine left for us to call when she was in the office is Drenton 68942. She just took the last two numbers off of Nell Brinley's telephone number and put them on the front part of her number. That must mean that she's pretty familiar with that telephone number, because she rattled it off when I asked her. She must have lived at that address before she was married."

Perry Mason chuckled. "Good girl," he said. "Stick around until you hear from me again."

He hung up the receiver, walked briskly around the corner to the main office of the telegraph company.

Approaching the counter, Perry Mason pulled a telegraph blank toward him, took a pencil from his pocket, spread the purloined telegram flat on the counter, and frowned.

He looked up and caught the eye of an attendant.

She came to him, and Mason pulled one of the freshly printed cards from his pocket.

"I would like," he said, "a little special service."

"Very well, Mr. Montaine; what can we do for you?"

"I received this telegram on an important business deal and I've lost the address. I understand that whenever a telegram is filed your company requires the sender to leave his address on it, and there's some key number on this telegram. I am wondering if you can find the address of the sender."

"I think so," the young woman said, and took both his card and the message.

Perry Mason scrawled a telegram, addressing it only to "Gregory," leaving the address blank:

IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS NECESSITATE INDEFINITE
POSTPONEMENT CALLING IN PERSON TO EXPLAIN

He signed the telegram "R. Montaine," and waited.

The clerk returned with the name and address of the sender penciled on the message.

Mason studied the notation for a moment, nodded, and wrote the name "Moxley" after the word "Gregory," added below it "Colemont Apartments, 316 Norwalk Avenue."

"Thank you very much," he said. "Please send this telegram."

"And now," smiled the attendant, "I'll have to ask you to fill in your address."

"Oh, certainly," he said, and wrote, "R. Montaine, 128 East Pelton Avenue."

He paid for the telegram, left the telegraph office, and summoned a cab.

"Three sixteen Norwalk Avenue," he said.

THE Colemont Apartments was a huge old two-story building, once a residence, now remodeled into four apartments. Three, apparently, were vacant. The influx of apartment houses on either side had spelled disaster for the made-over private residence.

Mason pressed the button on Apartment B, opposite the pasteboard slip on which appeared the name Gregory Moxley.

Almost immediately there was the sound of an electric buzzer releasing the door catch, and Perry Mason pushed open the door. A long flight of stairs loomed ahead of him. He climbed the stairs, heard the sound of motion in the corridor, then nodded to a man whose figure loomed at the head of the stairs.

The man was about thirty-six years of age, with quick watchful eyes, a ready smile, and a genial manner. He wore his clothes with a well dressed air of distinction, emanated somehow an atmosphere of physical well-being and prosperity.

"Good evening," he said. "I'm afraid I don't know you. I was expecting a visitor who had an appointment with me."

"You mean Rhoda?" asked Perry Mason in a quietly casual tone.

For a swift instant the man stiffened as though bracing himself for a blow. Then the booming geniality was once more apparent in his voice.

"Oh," he said, "then I was right after all. Come on up; come in and sit down. What's your name, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Mason," the lawyer told him.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Mason."

A hand shot out, gripped Perry Mason's hand in a firm, cordial clasp.

"You're Moxley?" Mason asked.

"Yes; Gregory Moxley. Come on in."

He led the way to a library, indicated a chair.

THE day was warm and the windows were open. Across fifteen feet of space loomed the side of a modern apartment house.

Mason sat down, reached for his cigarettes.

"I presume," he said, "it won't be long until they tear this old house down and put up a big apartment."

"I presume," Moxley agreed, his eyes studying Mason's face in thoughtful appraisal.

"Did you come here to discuss real estate?"

Mason laughed.

"Hardly," he said.

"What did you come to discuss?"

Mason stared steadily at the man's watchful eyes.

"I came," he said, "as a friend of Rhoda."

Moxley nodded.

"Yes," he said; "I presumed as much. I didn't suppose you had—"

The words were interrupted by the sound of a harshly strident bell.

Moxley frowned; looked at Perry Mason.

"Was any one," he asked, "coming here to join you?"

Mason shook his head.

Moxley seemed undecided. The bell rang again. He pressed the button and stood waiting while the electric buzzer released the door catch.

"Western Union telegram," said a man's voice.

Moxley walked back into the room, tearing the envelope open. He unfolded the message, read it, then looked suspiciously at Perry Mason.

"This message," he said, "is from Rhoda."

"Uh-huh," Perry Mason said, apparently without interest.

"She doesn't," said Moxley, "say anything about you."

"She wouldn't," Mason said.

"Why?"

"Because she didn't know I was coming."

Moxley had lost all of that veneer of quick friendliness. His eyes were hard and watchful.

"Go on," he said; "tell me the rest of it."

"I'm a friend of hers," Mason said.

"You told me that before."

"I came here as a friend."

"That also is no news to me."

"I'm an attorney."

Moxley took a deep breath, walked with quick purposeful steps across the room to a table, and opened a drawer.

The next moment Perry Mason was facing a blued-steel automatic.

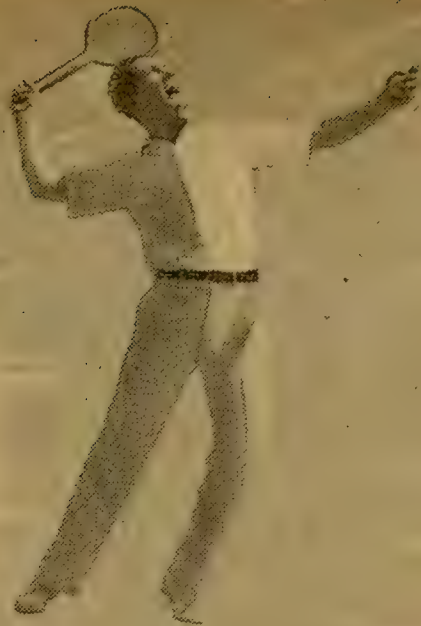
What was the secret motive behind the visit of the mysterious Helen Crocker to Perry Mason's office? And what interest has Gregory Moxley in the anomaly of the curious bride that is so vital he draws a gun on the would-be friendly lawyer? Next week's installment will reveal further fascinating angles to this great mystery serial.



ERLE STANLEY
GARDNER

takes three secretaries wherever he goes. His automobile is an office with transcribing machines, typewriters, and filing cases. He was a noted trial lawyer until he began writing, and lives now in Ventura, California.

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Start with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout today. Guarantee your hair health and good looks all summer.

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When your barber prescribes Vitalis for the health of your scalp and hair—he's giving you good advice! Take it!



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**Keeps Hair Healthy
and Handsome . . .**



Congress

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PARLIAMENTARY government as we have known it in this country for about one hundred and fifty years may be done for. It appears we must have a new form of national management. The country is too big, we have too many people, our interests are too numerous and conflicting for continued operation under the old system. The chief duties of a Congressman today are to carry fat meat to the bureaucratic lions, dish federal-aid slop to the shamelessly greedy states, and run errands for his constituents. Between times Congress gets through with a quantity of legislation, mostly of the sort that never would be missed, writes speeches for the Congressional Record, and goes on junkets. Now and then it conducts what the newspapers call a probe, and which is in fact an effort to get some unfortunate out on a limb and then cut down the tree.

All this is not the fault of Congress or its members or the Founding Fathers. The United States have simply gotten away from the machine planned to rule them. We are on our way to a new sort of government. We may have a new Constitution. The old Constitution may be cast in a new mold. We may pass through a phase of dictatorship, go on to industrial control, try collectivism for a time, or set up a federation of regional areas made up of the states whose interests are more or less identical. Our national job today is not to worry over what has gone but to determine what may come.

I am fairly certain that whatever it may be it will not be professor-made. The thinkers have, it seems to me, been invaluable in this present crisis. Many of us have disagreed with many of them so violently that for the first time in a generation or more we are thinking nationally, and President Roosevelt has had the courage to experiment with some of the thoughts of the thinkers and the anti-thinkers alike. But in the end they will not wrap us in a blanket that does not suit us.

I am a Jeffersonian Democrat and have always been opposed to the further centralization of power at Washington. Yet I have voted for a greater centralization as the best way out of a bad mess. An always effective majority of both Houses of Congress has voted the same way whenever asked to do so by the President. Congress has been passive and obedient because it has recognized that it dared not be anything else.

It is true that in two notable recent instances Congress ran counter to the expressed wish of the President, but I do not find that the essential truth of my statement that Congress is obedient to his leadership is at all impaired. By a very small majority the Senate refused to ratify the St. Lawrence waterways treaty. A multitude of extremely complex problems are embodied in it, and Mr. Roosevelt wisely refrained from exerting pressure upon Senators who were undecided as to its wisdom. Both Houses of Congress overrode his veto of the veterans' administration bill, which added \$228,000,000 to our pension burden. Yet no sober-minded politician thinks that fact indicates that Mr. Roosevelt has lost his power over Congress. The explanation is that every Congressman and every third Senator is up for reelection this year, and a candidate would find it hard to tell why he refused a comparatively small sum to the veterans while granting billions for other activities.

This is not to be construed as a criticism of Congress. I know ninety-five Senators and many Representatives fairly well. Most of them are able and well meaning men. So far as I know they are all honest men, as honesty goes in politics. They would not take money for their votes, but they might try to fool a constituent into thinking they have more influence than they really have. Most politicians are honest in that way.

★ ★ ★
**Our Parliamentary System
Has Broken Down, Bureaucrats Dominate Our Government, and the United States May Become an Entirely New**

Kind of Union, Says This Remarkable Article by

UNITED STATES SENATOR

M. M. LOGAN

as told to

HERBERT COREY
★ ★ ★

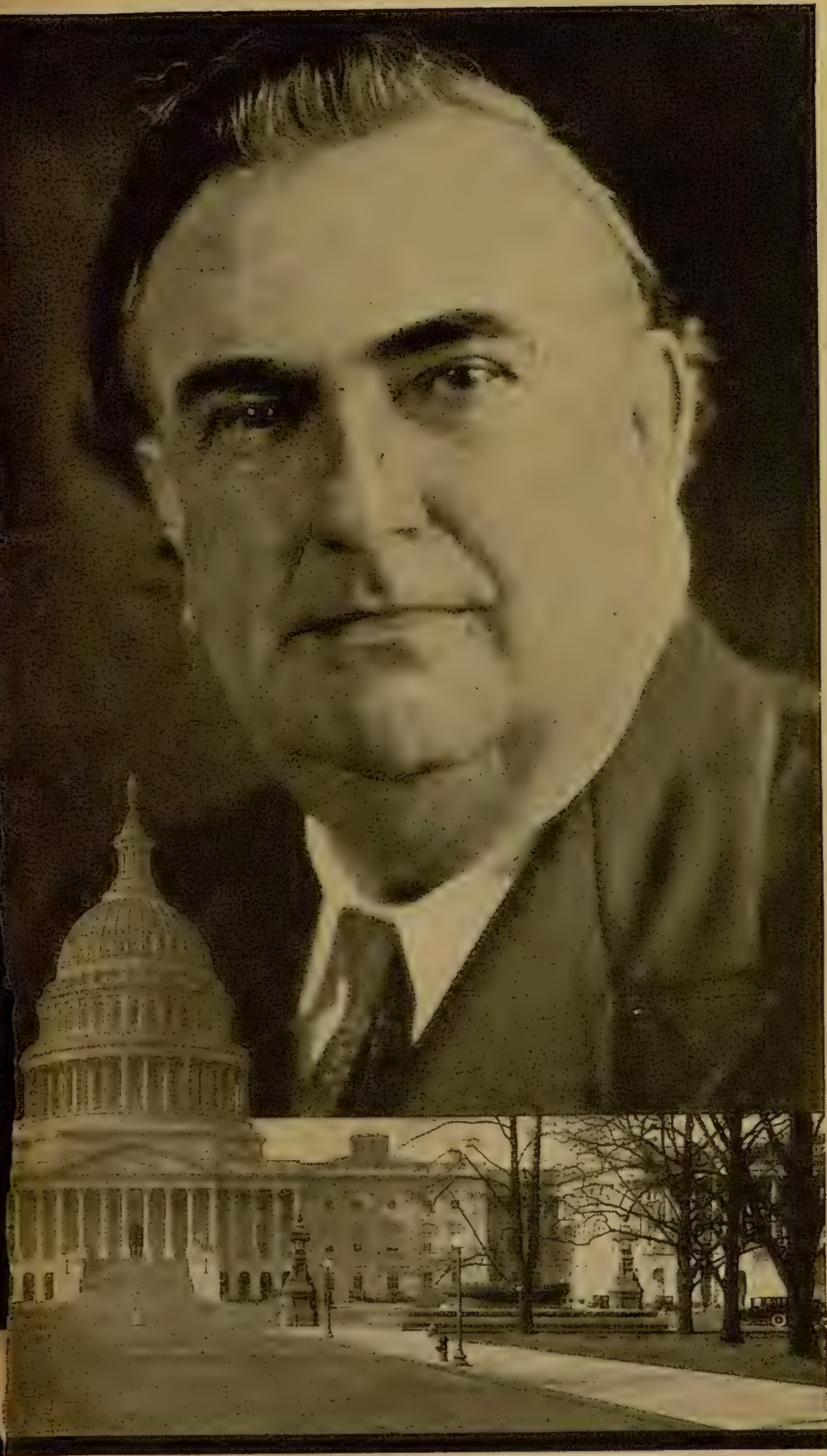


Ten men can get together in a town meeting and manage the affairs of their village satisfactorily. They are practicing true democracy. Their interests are alike and their differences wholly on the details. We have spread the town-meeting idea too thin when we have tried to make it cover the conflicting interests of forty-eight states, and the world's greatest industry and commerce, and a racial melting pot, and 125,000,000 people.

For years we got along pretty well, because the fact is that we did not have to pay much attention to Congress or the system. When a job got too big for Congress, it turned it over to some one who knew how to handle it. It was a grand way to get out of an immediate difficulty, but little by little it has changed our form of government.

The Constitution provided for three branches of government—the executive, legislative, and judicial. In one way and another a fourth branch has been built up. It is

Collapses



the bureaucratic. I am not certain that it is not the greatest of the four. The Executive is helpless against it, except when granted exceptional powers in such times as these. The legislative is its servant. Now that so many new ways around the Constitution have been found, the judicial can do little to check bureaucratic aggressions.

When President Roosevelt was inaugurated he was confronted by conditions with which we are all familiar. The first thing that Mr. Roosevelt did was to close the banks.

"This," he said, "is what I have done."

It was the dawn of a brighter day for Congress. Congress could never have closed the banks. A moment's reflection will disclose the reason. Each Representative is elected to represent his district. In theory he is presumed to legislate for the nation as a whole, but in fact

he watches out for his own people. Each Senator is elected to represent his state. He is not so much bothered by the details of life in the districts, but he must keep tabs on the totals of all the district details if he wants to be happy.

If the proposition to close the banks had been seriously put before Congress, the talk would be going on yet.

It would be easy to say that Congress abdicated its authority right there. But the truth is that the process of abdication began years ago. The Interstate Commerce Commission may be taken as an instance of this readiness of Congress to shed authority and responsibility. Something was violently wrong with the railroads. Hardly any two men in any given county were agreed on what should be done to cure it. Congressmen were hauled this way and that by their constituents. An agreement was finally reached that it was a devil of a mess and the Interstate Commerce Commission was set up to deal with it.

It was only a little commission at the beginning, with a few clerks and a dusty office. Now it is all over the place. It is all very well to say that the I. C. C. and the other special branches and bureaus and departments that have grown up are but the instruments of Congress and that the body which breathed life into them has the power to take it away. In fact, there is nothing more absurd. Once a special branch or bureau or office has been set up it cannot be killed. There is not power enough in Congress under the present governmental set-up to kill it. A threatened bureau would have the friends of all the other bureaus walking nine abreast down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol.

BUREAUS are not only immortal, but they grow faster than bay trees. This year's appropriation is but the sight through which the bureaucrats aim at next year's appropriation, and each year they raise their sights. Every one knows this is all wrong. Both political parties admit it in their platforms from time to time.

President Taft was the first of the Presidents, I think, to criticize the spread and impudence and inordinate powers of the bureaucracy. President Wilson followed him and each succeeding President has had something to say along the same lines. So have various Senators and Representatives, on the floor, in committee, in the Record, at home, and in the papers.

Then Congress gave President Roosevelt the general powers he demanded. This was during the period of emergency, when some one had to do something and Congress knew itself to be powerless to do it. Between us, it was happy to turn over to him the right to move the bureaus around as he wished. A few protests were made for the sake of the record, but in privacy most Congressmen are thankful that some one can handle the bureaucrats who knows how. The other day Mr. Roosevelt transferred one bureau from one department to another department. If Congress had tried to do the same thing the spectacle would have been a depressing one. Mr. Roosevelt just dusted off his hands and went on to something else. The bureaucrats can only be handled by an executive possessed of dictatorial authority.

A break has been made in the combination of bureaucratic finesse and Congressional inertia which had set up a fourth and an ungovernable branch of government. But that break will be welded if a return is made to the old system, because the untouchables in the bureaus are aided politically by the greedy states.

The first grant of federal aid to the states was, I believe, for agricultural colleges. That first taste of blood aroused an unholy appetite. I do not know in just how many different ways money is being siphoned out of the federal treasury into the states. Under the Constitutional provision permitting Congress to arrange for the

building of post roads, cement highways are being built in coöperation with the states in every direction except straight up. And whenever the federal government gives money to a state a bureau is set up to watch its disbursement, and keep books, and make cheer talks to Chambers of Commerce.

The alliance between the state and the bureau is a natural one. Yet it seems certain to me that the time must come when we must get rid of this burden. We cannot go on paying the taxes eaten by the bureaucrats in normal times, not to speak of the unavoidable tax burden thrust on us by the depression.

If it were possible for a Congressman to think or act for the good of the nation we might be able to get rid of most of the bureaucrats. But he has not only built up a political machine that controls him, he is so deadened with work that he has little time to do any thinking.

I am not here discussing the House, but I can say from experience that a member of the United States Senate has hardly a minute to himself. Visitors in the gallery see us tipped back in our chairs, listening, talking, writing letters, and take it for granted that when the Senate adjourns our work is done for the day.

In fact the calls on our time are unending and irresistible. It is impossible to refuse to see old friends when they visit Washington. Even if I could refuse I would not, for I want to see them. Constituents who are not precisely old friends must also be seen.

A mountain of mail is piled on the desk each morning. Committee meetings take up hours each day except Saturday. The daily session often begins at eleven o'clock and sometimes runs into the night. Between times there is the incredible pressure of the job hunters.

Even if these distractions were all washed out each Senator differs slightly from every other Senator on every measure of national importance that comes before us. We can get together in committee meetings fairly well, unless some partisan element divides us. But no measure affects each of the forty-eight states just as it affects the other forty-seven, and there are ninety-six Senators. Time after time I have seen a bill agreed to in committee, assented to in the more or less informal contacts of the party leaders, come to the floor assured of an immediate passage, and be blown through a wind tunnel for six weeks. At the last moment some Senator remembers something he wants to say about the bill. That starts some other Senator.

IT is true that a strongly partisan majority in both houses can put through a measure framed along the lines of party policy. The Republicans, aided by hungry Democrats, have been able to write the tariff laws for a generation. Both houses, too, are responsive to clearly manifested public sentiment, as shown by the prompt action on prohibition repeal, once Congress was sure of what the people wanted. Apart from this, Congress has of late only been able to moderate the appropriation bills which have been prepared by the bureaucrats. Even in this particular we are defeated, for the bureaucrats ask for more than they want in order to prepare a graceful surrender for us.

Out of the old centralization produced by a union of states willing to sell their rights to the central government, cash on the nail, to the formidable Fourth Branch of the government made up of the bureaucrats, a new centralization has grown up as a result of the national emergency. No one will question that it was the duty of the federal government to relieve the suffering caused by the enforced idleness of more than 12,000,000 people. State and municipal and private charities were no longer equal to the task. But the millions of men and women who have received government aid will not readily relinquish that means of support.

We might as well face that fact. It was made clear when the administration sought to close down the CWA activities. Protests came from every quarter. The 4,000,000 employed were tapered down as weather and labor conditions and private resources permitted, but it is freely admitted that next winter the same demand will arise and must be met. Each year the demand will be renewed.

The time must come when the burden imposed will be too much for the government, as it is now organized, to bear, unless business so revives that idle men may be put back in their jobs. Secretary Ickes has seen this, and is making plans for the creation of government-backed subsistence homesteads on which men may live when there is no work in town.

That army of dole takers—an unpleasant title but a truthful one—must under our present system be a reënforcement to the present coalition of hungry states and rampant bureaucrats. The one thing that Congress can do is to yield to their demands for more money. There are few Congressional districts in which a candidate would not find his chances of election imperiled if there were arrayed against him all the men in that district who hope to make money out of the federal-aid grants, and all the officeholders and their sons and fathers and cousins, and all the men and women who want direct aid.

It seems to me plain that the system under which we have been governed in the past has broken down. There will certainly be a change.

I am inclined to think that the British Commonwealth has shown us the way out. Not long ago it was an empire made up of dominions and colonies and protectorates and dependencies, each of which took its laws and officials and orders from London. The plan became unworkable, just as our plan has become unworkable. Today the commonwealth is, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, "a vast congeries of states, held together on a generally acknowledged triple principle of self-government, self-support, and self-defense. The principle is more fully applied in some parts than in others."

PERHAPS the first application of the principle in the United States is in the area covered by the Tennessee Valley Authority. Here is an immense territory which comprises an area four fifths as large as England. It was chopped up among seven states. The interests of its 2,000,000 people are roughly identical, but the seven states by no means see alike in dealing with those interests. President Roosevelt has said:

"If we are successful here we can march on, step by step, in the development of other great areas within our borders."

Measures providing for similar authorities are now in contemplation. It is not a far stretch of the imagination to see in this plan the forerunner of a regional distribution of political power in this country. It may be that at some future time we will see those states which have similar interests grouped in provinces or federations or authorities, owing allegiance to the federal government but connected with it by somewhat different ties than now exist. The Southern states, for an example, have little in common with those of New England. The Pacific coast states are an empire in themselves.

This is but a suggestion for future consideration. The existing states need not be interfered with. They might retain their present form and style of government, with full power to levy taxes and, if they wish, to build agricultural colleges and post roads. That would relieve the central government of a burden. In any case the central government would be forced out from beneath this burden, for it is unlikely that the regional areas would consent to tax themselves for the support of the central government, except for the vital needs of defense and other truly national activities. The bureaucratic army would be starved out, and each region would be under an obligation to feed its own people and keep them at work.

There are other possibilities, of course. We may be working toward a form of collectivism on an American plan. It is conceivable that the industries might be given a direct share in government by political participation. That seems to assume the crushing of the small man in industry, but that regrettable event may be unavoidable.

It is not possible to stop progress. Perhaps the state of the future will insure each man a livelihood and exact from him obedience and industry. Whatever that state may be, it will be constructed by the people in the end. No doctrinaire's creation can last in the United States.

THE END

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Cupid is a sailor

by **FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN**

CAP'N BENAJAH WICKSETT, master of the schooner Tom Cod, was completing his most successful ocean race. Fixing the summer resident with his good right eye, Cap'n Wicksett approached the climax: "Cal'late that there blow had riz to a full fifty knots. Cal'late we was making a clean twenty-five knots—"

"Twenty-five knots, captain?"

"Might have been thirty. She was traveling so fast the spinnaker sheet popped like a pistol shot and it sounded like something had busted astern. I crawled for'd and caught the end of the busted sheet with both hands.

"My mate yells, 'Man overboard!' But I says sharp-like, 'Damn your eyes. Take a turn around my legs with the spinnaker sheet.' He done it and I belayed the other end around my wrists. The crew hauled on my legs and the boom came set. The spinnaker took wind again and she began to pick up speed. Soon as the fellers in the Dolphin and Elsie B saw our spinnaker fill with wind, they give up. The Tom Cod made Gloucester and unloaded five tons of fish before any of the others showed sail in the harbor!"

The summer resident looked up rather doubtfully from his notebook.

"Well—and that's the *same* Tom Cod that won the race?" His pencil pointed at a disreputable old two-masted schooner which lay at anchor in the small harbor of Harwichport.

"Aye, the very same. And every bit as fast a boat today as she was then. Fastest boat betwixt here and New York. Ain't a boat of her class that'll race her, sir."

The summer resident wore glasses, and he was preparing an English thesis on Cape Cod Folkways, later to be expanded into a book, he hoped. Talking to the cap'n about the Tom Cod's specifications, the summer resident made discreetly guarded notes: "Wicksett . . . resembles pirate . . . gray bristle . . . cast in left eye . . . Nordic type . . . intrepid seafarer . . ."

Meanwhile Cap'n Wicksett's grandson, young Talbot Wicksett, lay stretched on his back in a path of sun beside the cap'n's boathouse. He had sailed his junior knock-about to Monomoy Island and back that day, and was resting comfortably. His thoughts were divided between contemplation of Grandmother Wicksett's planked shad and clam chowder promised for the evening meal, and the difficulty of deciding which of three girls to date for the movie show at Hyannis.

A sudden turn in the conversation between the summer resident and the cap'n, however, caused young Talbot to sit up and take notice:

" . . . That's very interesting, captain. But Captain Hickerson, over at Chatham, told me this morning that his schooner was the fastest."

"Never heard of him. Tally! Did you ever hear of anybody named Hickerson at Chatham?"

"No, sir."

The summer resident blinked and consulted his notes.

*A Story of Youth and Love and the Sea,
and a Roaring Race that Turned
Out to Be Lucky for All the Losers*

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"He has a schooner named the Gloucester Lady. Two masts. Sixty-two feet long. I saw her myself, captain."

"Gloucester Lady? Never heard of her. Don't believe a word of it! Some one's been yarning to you, young feller." And Cap'n Wicksett spat self-righteously. His good right eye gleamed with combative fire.

The summer resident pawed feverishly through his notes.

"Surely you must have heard of her, captain," he said. "She beat the Emma Thebaud in a race from New Bedford to Buzzard's Bay. She was the boat that rescued forty people from a ship that struck an iceberg off the

Grand Banks—I have the date right here: October 29, 1911."

Cap'n Wicksett got to his feet, leaning his spare frame to windward for emphasis.

"Beat the Emma Thebaud, did she?"

"That's what Captain Hickerson said. He described the race in great detail. He said the other boat's mainsail split in two, so he turned back and gave her a tow until she could put on a spare mainsail—"

Croaking noises came from Cap'n Wicksett's unshaven throat. His grandson chuckled.

The summer resident nodded doggedly.

"Captain Hickerson says he has newspaper clippings to prove all his statements. He's summering down here, but he hails from Gloucester."

Cap'n Wicksett got a grip on himself. He was not yet sure that this Hickerson was a foeman worthy of his steel. Man and boy, Cap'n Wicksett had sailed the seas for sixty years and had spent the last fifteen talking about it. Occasionally a fairly good liar had crossed his bow,



"It seems," Talbot went on, "a few jobs are opening up."
 "Aren't you frightened?" the maiden murmured. "A little—because I'm going to kiss you."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
 HARRY T. FISK

but never one that had given him any serious competition.

"He's at Chatham, is he?"

"Yes. At the wharves. He's visiting his niece, a Mrs. MacWilliams. I'd appreciate it if you'd check with Captain Hickerson. He may—er—have exaggerated—"

"Exaggerated—ha!"

The light of battle burning furiously in his right eye and the other watering in sympathy, Cap'n Wicksett stalked toward a tidy little flivver parked on the sand near the boathouse. His grandson halted him:

"You can't go over there now, granddad. It's too near dinner time. Grandmother doesn't want to wait dinner."

Ignoring him with dignity, the cap'n turned to the summer resident.

"You come with me, young feller."

"I—I'd rather not engage in any controversy—"
 "Climb in!"

Talbot Wicksett watched them depart for Chatham, a distance of seven miles.

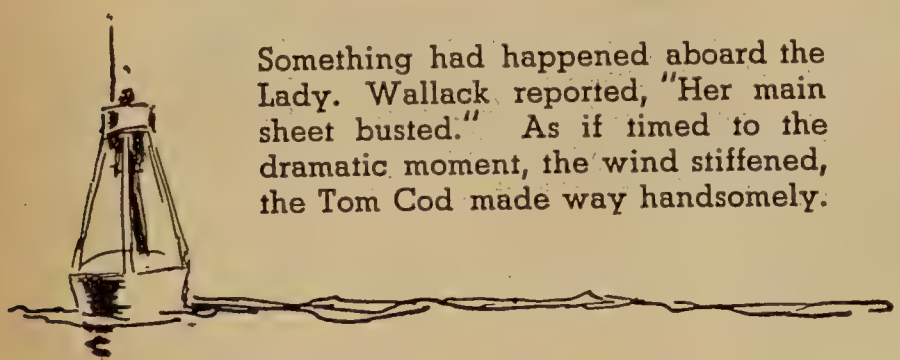
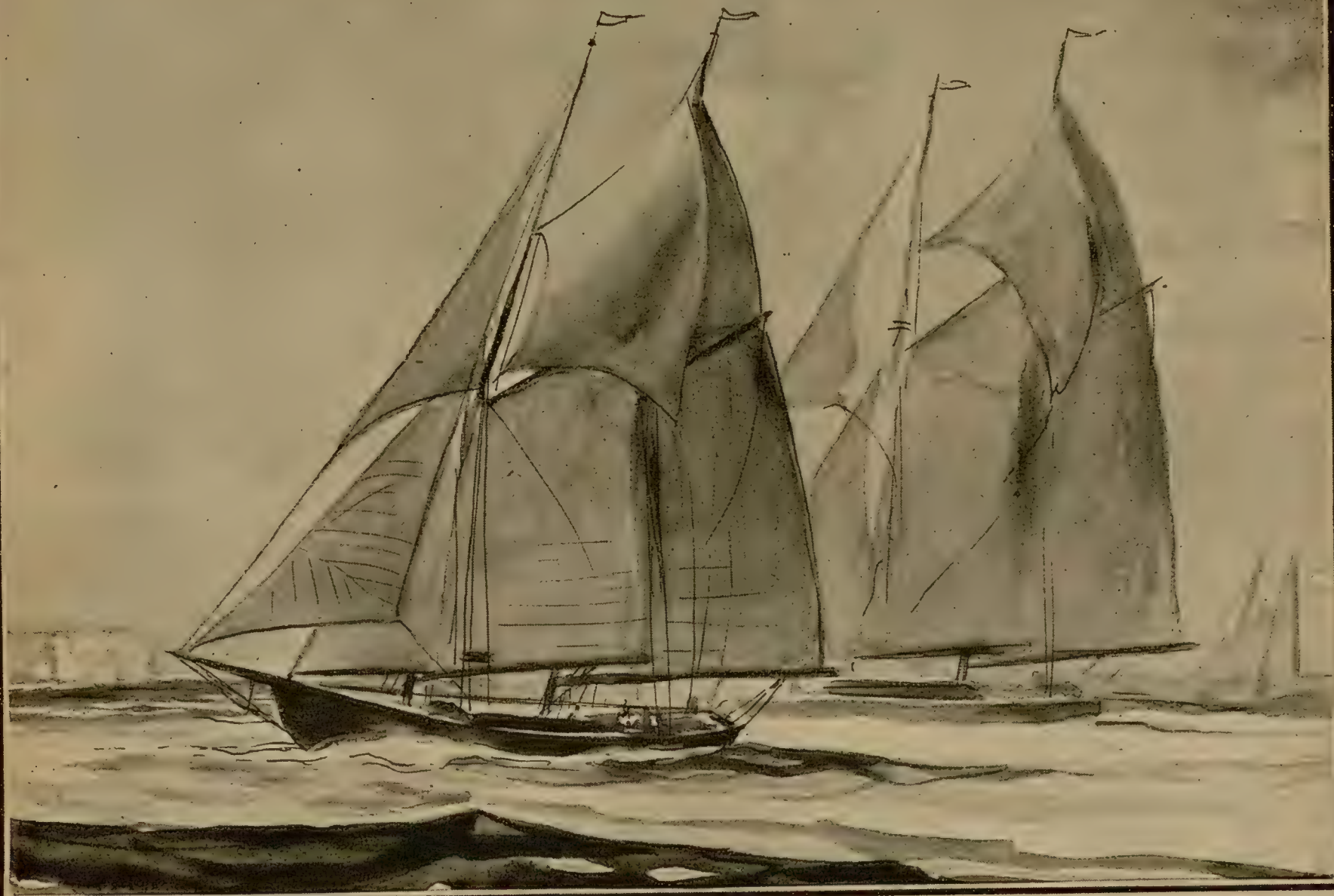
He made his small boat shipshape for the night and tidied up the cap'n's boathouse. Then he climbed the hill to the white, green-shuttered cottage where his grandfather and grandmother kept snug harbor.

Grandmother Wicksett waited dinner until seven thirty. Then she said, "You'll have to go fetch him, Tally. I'm worried."

Talbot protested: "Oh, he's only yarning with the Chatham Marvel, grandma."

Grandmother Wicksett reached for her bonnet and black fascinator. She was a woman of few words. Her grandson said, "I'll go. I'm sorry."

He found a small crowd in front of one of the boat-houses at Chatham Harbor. Drawing near, he heard a quavering, hoarse voice, an angry, exasperated voice, saying:



Something had happened aboard the Lady. Wallack reported, "Her main sheet busted." As if timed to the dramatic moment, the wind stiffened, the Tom Cod made way handsomely.

"Damn your eyes, sir! You listen to me! You couldn't make the Banks in her. She'd sink—"

Hurriedly Talbot pushed his way through the group of smiling dock loafers. His grandfather was squared off before a stout, ruddy-faced old fellow. A very pretty girl had the cap'n's adversary by the arm and was trying to drag him away.

"Whoa, there, granddad," Talbot said, keeping a straight face. "We've been waiting dinner an hour. Come along."

The girl looked at Talbot. They exchanged quick smiles of perfect understanding.

"You go and sit in the car and cool off," she said to Cap'n Hickerson. "If you don't, I'll tell mother."

This thrust had the desired result. Cap'n Hickerson waddled off toward an expensive touring car. Cap'n Wicksett hurled the last word:

"Bring that mud scow of yours down to Harwichport—if she can sail that far, sir!"

So saying, the cap'n marched to his flivver, followed by several ardent partisans who clapped him on the back and said, "Attaboy, cap'n! He's scared to race you."

The girl turned to young Talbot.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," she said.

"Granddad started it. He came over here looking for trouble. Let me be the one to apologize."

She grinned.

"Did his schooner really race the Shamrock III?"

"No."

"Take a look at Uncle Ned's boat," she said, her right eyelid dropping.

"Which one is it? Oh—*that*?"

"Yes. Sh-h-h. Don't laugh."

The Gloucester Lady wallowed like an elongated duck in the harbor ripples. Compared to her, the Tom Cod had lines that were trim and speedy.

"Well, well," said Talbot softly.

"Is your grandfather's anything like that?"

"Yes, only in a different way."

Another smile of perfect understanding. The girl held out her hand.

"I'm Linda MacWilliams. We live in North Chatham."

"I'm Talbot Wicksett. Harwichport this summer. The bread line next fall."

They moved toward Talbot's roadster. Cap'n Wicksett had climbed into the flivver and was sailing in a cloud of dust up the road.

"Will you do us a great favor?" Linda asked seriously.

"Don't let your grandfather challenge Uncle Ned to a race. The whole family has been trying to keep him out of that wretched old tub. He insisted on sailing her down from Gloucester. Mother had to hire a motor cruiser to trail him all the way."

Talbot nodded.

"We'll ride hard on granddad. He couldn't race. He hasn't any sails. The bottom would fall out of the Tom Cod if he tried it. It's just talk."

The girl sighed.

"What a relief! You don't know what we've been through with Uncle Ned. He's my great-uncle, and mother says he must be at least seventy, though he swears he's fifty-four. He didn't accept Cap'n Wicksett's challenge because he hasn't seen your grandfather's boat. When he sees her—and he'll be over the first thing in the morning, too—he'll want to race."

Talbot Wicksett eyed the maiden approvingly. She was a tidy little craft, built on racing lines.

"Let me drive you home, and then—"

"Good heavens, no. Not this evening. I have to take Uncle Ned home and see that he doesn't have a stroke when mother scolds him."

"Do you sail?"

"Love it."

"I'll be around in the morning—early. We can consult each other about rearing parents and grandparents."

THERE was little discussion of grandparents, parents, or great-uncles during the week that followed. That first morning's sail was a great success.

The parent, grandparent, and great-uncle problem was dismissed as follows:

"Uncle Ned left right after breakfast to inspect your grandfather's boat."

"Lot of good that will do him. Grandmother and I have forbidden granddad to go near the harbor today."

"Hey—shift to starboard, lubber!"

"Ease her off, woman. You'll swamp us."

"Thought you were a sailor! Sorry."

"I don't want to drown today. Tomorrow—yes. Not today."

"Why not today?"

"I'm busy falling in love today," said Talbot Wicksett.

Miss MacWilliams blushed becomingly under a brown seaburn, and put the knockabout's rudder over so hard that the little boat slid along on the starboard gunn'l. Young Talbot laughed and ducked a shower of spindrift.

Ignoring their responsibilities, Talbot and Linda made merry. Talbot forgot the three other girls. And finally, one evening, a goodly moon shone on the beach of the Belmont Hotel at West Harwich and a gentle surf was breaking against the rough granite jetty.

"My address may not be the bread line next fall," said Talbot out of a long silence.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said. "You'd look nice in a bread line. You're tall and lean, and nice old ladies would give you dimes."

"It seems," Talbot went on, ignoring such levity, "that a few jobs are opening up. Dad writes that he can actually find me work."

"Aren't you frightened?" the maiden murmured.



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"Hold the line, please!"



"A little—because I think I'm going to kiss you."

"Now I'm frightened—"

"There—still frightened?"

"Ye-hess; but I think I can be brave."

She was very brave, Talbot agreed some time later.

His roadster never touched the ground once on the way back from Chatham. . . .

Grandmother Wicksett was waiting up.

"Tally—your grandfather bought a set of sails today." He stared.

"Bought sails? What for?"

"He cal'lates to race that windbag from Chatham!"

"Nonsense!" Then, as he saw grandmother's grim expression, "Why did you let him?"

Grandmother Wicksett tapped the floor.

"Cal'late your grandfather knows what he's about.

There's some things a body can't stand. That windbag is telling it about the Cape that the Tom Cod never made the Banks. H'mph! We got a letter today from Cap'n Hughes at Gloucester. The cap'n says he's known Hickerson for sixty years and never liked him."

"Good golly, grandmother! Granddad can't sail the Tom Cod. She's too old. It would be suicide!"

"She'll go in any water *his* boat'll make!"

"I'll write dad. We'll forbid granddad to—"

"Cal'late your grandfather is his own boss."

Angry, Talbot went to his room and composed a red-hot letter to his parents in New Jersey. They must stop this madness!

Early next day Linda MacWilliams arrived at the Wicksett cottage, and honked her horn.

"You promised there wouldn't be any race," she said coldly.

"I know I did, dear. And there won't be any. I've written my folks and they'll bring granddad to his senses."

"Mother and I argued with Uncle Ned until three o'clock this morning and we couldn't bring him to his senses. Have you seen this?"

She handed Talbot a local newspaper.

FAMOUS SCHOONERS TO RACE FOR \$500 PRIZE
MEETING BETWEEN TOM COD AND GLOUCESTER LADY TO BE
FEATURE OF CRANBERRY GROWERS' ASSOCIATION PICNIC AT
CHATHAM—RIVAL SKIPPERS INDICATE GRUDGE RACE

"Windbag," Says Captain Wicksett, Cape Character, While
Captain Hickerson Retorts, "Unprincipled Prevaricator!"

"But, dear," said Talbot pleadingly, "you aren't going to allow this silly business to make any difference between us?"

"I don't relish having Uncle Ned called a windbag."

Talbot blundered:

"Well, after all, he is. He said he gave the Emma Thebaud a tow."

The girl lifted her chin.

"He's not half the windbag your grandfather is. I heard about the spinnaker boom from Percy Sylvester."

"Linda, please—"

"I'll believe in your sincerity when this disgusting idiotic race is called off. Good-by!"

And she drove away.

A SERIOUS quarrel occurred the next day when Talbot, imploring a reconciliation, was obliged to admit that all family pressure which could be applied by telegram and long-distance 'phone call had failed to move Cap'n Wicksett.

Talbot, in his first reaction of anger against the tribe MacWilliams and loyalty to the tribe Wicksett, went straightway to the harbor at Harwichport, borrowed a skiff, and rowed out to the Tom Cod. Here he found Cap'n Wicksett and half a dozen elderly cronies rigging the Tom Cod with new manila lines, laying varnish on her masts and spars, and cleaning tackle.

"Need a hand, granddad?" he said somewhat sheepishly.

Cap'n Wicksett cocked the good right eye at his grandson over a battered main boom.

"Knew it," he said. "You're a sailor. Turn to, mate!"

Mate Talbot made only one suggestion during the three days of work before the race. That was, "Don't you think you ought to step a new forem'st, granddad?"

To it Cap'n Wicksett made reply, "Hell, no. She's good for another fifty years, that forem'st."

Every evening Talbot sneaked aboard and pumped water. Cap'n Wicksett would not admit there was any water in the Tom Cod's bilge. Talbot did a lot of emergency calking, too. On the last evening the cap'n and his crew of seven—all grizzled veterans except Talbot—made sail and stood out of the harbor to test the new canvas. To Talbot's surprise, the old schooner handled very well in the light breeze, and the cap'n was beside himself with gloating.

"Barring dirty work—and 'twouldn't be past him—I cal'late we'll make that old hooker of his'n the laughingstock of the Cape. They're telling around Chatham that he's shipping that scrimshanks niece of his'n as one of the crew. A play for sympathy, I cal'late. Sympathy—heh, heh, heh! I wouldn't give that feller a tow if he was up Sewer Creek without a paddle."

Young Talbot Wicksett was shaken to the depths. His anger had passed and he remembered only his love. Linda was a sailor and she wanted to do all she could to spare her Uncle Ned a heartbreaking humiliation. Could he take a hand in Uncle Ned's defeat? At last he evolved a plan.

HE sneaked down to the boathouse where he kept his knockabout and rigged a large sea anchor—a baglike square of canvas attached to a towing line. Then he rowed out to the Tom Cod and stowed the anchor in the skipper's cabin aft.

The morning of the race dawned not too propitiously. A light southwesterly breeze moved scudding clouds in a sky which was overcast and looked squally. The race course had been laid from Harwichport to Chatham, a distance of about twelve miles.

The Tom Cod moved sturdily out of the narrow harbor entrance, Cap'n Wicksett straining forward to catch his first glimpse of the enemy. Cap'n Hickerson had brought the Gloucester Lady to Allen's Harbor, amid much secrecy, the day before.

Young Talbot, busy with sheet and halyard, also was looking for the Gloucester Lady.

"Bend the fores'l, forestays'l, and outer jib!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

As the schooner's canvas caught the light air she swept out of the channel and tacked toward several motor boats waiting near the starting line.

"Bend the spinnaker!"

Mr. Smithson, Harwichport fish merchant, spat to leeward.

"She ain't got none, cap'n," he said.

Cap'n Wicksett's composure was unshaken.

"Bend fore an' main tops'ls!"

The Tom Cod groaned a little and dug her nose into a low roller. Mr. Godofroy, hardware and such, of West Dennis, pointed aft and said, "Damned if she ain't. Don't know how she is, but damned if she ain't." He meant the Gloucester Lady, which was rounding a point under such a set of canvas as was never before seen in Cape Cod waters.

She carried two jibs and a balloon spinnaker, a leg-of-mutton fore topsail and some outlandish maintop which looked like a sawed-off Genoa. Her clipper bow yawed in the choppy water and she had a roll that made it seem certain a heavier breeze would knock her down. She was a dirty white in color and her canvas was gray.

"Damn my eyes!" yelled Cap'n Wicksett.

"She'll never make the starting line," said Mr. Henderson, dry goods and most everything, of South Yarmouth.

Mr. Lonergan, fish, of West Harwich, squinted at the sky.

"Looks like she might blow a little temp'st 'fore long,"



FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

was born in a Missouri parsonage and first worked as a reporter in St. Louis. His latest hit novel, Destroyer, was printed in Liberty and appeared in book form as We Sail Tomorrow.

he observed. "That feller better get his circus tents down!"

But just at present the Gloucester Lady was doing pretty well, thank you. She bore down upon the Tom Cod at a rather alarming rate.

When the schooners drew together, Talbot saw Linda standing beside her uncle, near the taffrail. She wore sailor trousers and a blue-and-white-striped sweater. She turned her back toward the Tom Cod.

The starting official was Mr. Herman Bryam of the Cranberry Growers' Association, and he had never officiated at a yacht race before.

"You boys are about even," he yelled through a megaphone, "so I guess you might as well go ahead."

A loud cheer went up from the collegiate crew of the Gloucester Lady. The crew of the Tom Cod heard Cap'n Hickerson roar, "Hoist the Marconi!" and stared in wonderment as another piece of canvas blossomed from the Lady's creaking stubby mainmast.

Suddenly the Gloucester Lady teetered like a tipsy dancer and began to move. Water foamed under her clumsy stern and she drew away from the Tom Cod. Ten yards, twenty, forty, sixty—bobbing and yawing and rolling, she drew away.

Cap'n Hickerson turned and motioned derisively.

Another cheer went up from the Gloucester Lady. A twelve-year-old, piloting an auxiliary catboat, drew abeam of the Tom Cod and gave her hail: "Hey, cap'n! Better put on more sail. You're getting left."

Cap'n Wicksett ignored the lad.

"Let him go, let him go," he remarked imperturbably. "He can use all this thin air he wants to. She'll begin to blow pretty soon and the Tom Cod will go to work. The Tom needs wind, sir—needs wind. Does her best afore a gale."

Mr. Godofroy looked at Cap'n Hickerson's boat; now a full two hundred yards in front and going places.

"Damned if she ain't," he observed.

The Tom Cod plowed serenely on. She was making about four knots and was holding together. Except for a tendency to wallow in troughs and slow response to helm, Talbot could see nothing to criticize in her behavior.

UP ahead, the Gloucester Lady showed still another sail. Mr. Smithson observed, "I cal'late he aims for to fly her." Nevertheless she widened distance and was soon a full quarter mile away. Both schooners were running free before the wind.

"Bend the stays'!" Cap'n Wicksett ordered.

It was the last inch of canvas he had. But he could not overhaul the Lady. She was skimming and swooping and pitching drunkenly but making miraculous speed.

Cap'n Wicksett began to eye the weather plaintively. He said, however: "Let him go. He can have this thin air. 'Twon't last long!"

Abruptly the Tom Cod began to gain. Something had happened aboard the Gloucester Lady. Mr. Wallack, optician, West Dennis, put his binoculars on the white schooner. He reported, "Her main sheet busted and the boom has balled up half a dozen of her lines. They're reeving a new sheet."

Cap'n Wicksett cackled. As if timed to the dramatic moment, the wind stiffened and the Tom Cod made way right handsomely. The cap'n steered her to come close abeam of the stricken Lady.

"Want a tow?"

Fat Cap'n Hickerson, sweating over a jammed sister hook, looked up and glared.

"You dirty crook! You did this! You sent—"

The wind and rush of water carried his voice away; but his shaking fist was still eloquent.

The Tom Cod swept by at a grand clip, and Cap'n Wicksett danced a little jig. "Knew it! We're gettin' some wind now. Some wind, sir!"

His grandson looked sadly astern. Miss MacWilliams had not returned his friendly wave. She had pretended to be very busy testing a halyard. The air had freshened markedly, and the Tom Cod had a dozen new groans and creaks. She was stepping off at least eight knots and left the crippled Lady as though she were at a standstill.

When a full half mile separated the schooners, Talbot



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slipped below and surreptitiously dropped the sea anchor overboard. It was not large enough to stall the Tom Cod, but it would act as a drag and cut down her speed.

Cap'n Wicksett, alas, noticed the change almost immediately.

"A sea anchor, damn my eyes!" Cap'n Wicksett howled. "The dirty swab! Hand me that grappling hook!"

The cap'n was just cutting the sea anchor loose as the Gloucester Lady bore down on him.

There was another sulphurous uproar of charge and countercharge, insults and fist shaking, but the white schooner went away fast. Her perilous head of sail was nodding as she passed the Tom Cod and her bow seemed to have nosed under permanently. Green water washed her deck with every lunge.

Cap'n Wicksett returned to his wheel with a grin of triumphant vindication.

"Knew it! Knew something was holding her back. Bring her a leetle closer to the wind, mate, and let's get to walking!"

The wind had increased to mild gale force, and the Tom Cod, as if valiantly struggling to live up to her skipper's yarns, started after the Gloucester Lady in earnest. Her masts protesting and her old planks wailing, she lumbered through the rough sea. Full half the distance had been run now and it was time for the Tom Cod to be piling up a lead. She gained slowly on the Lady, but Cap'n Hicker-son had one more sail in his locker.

Mr. Wallack whistled. "He's flying a kite from his bowsprit!"

"Wouldn't believe it till I saw it, but damned if I don't see it," said Mr. Godofroy.

"Let him go. The next gust will knock him down. That cruiser guard of his'n had better get closer for a rescue," opined Cap'n Wicksett.

Talbot was fearful for both schooners. The Tom Cod was sailing out of her head now. She seemed to know it, for she shuddered violently.

"Damn my eyes!"

All hands stared at the Gloucester Lady. Her main-sail and foresail had dropped to their booms, leaving her with bare sticks.

"Yaller!" said Cap'n Wicksett.

"Nope," said Mr. Wallack, coolly surveying the situation through his binoculars. "He didn't do it a-purpose. His halyards busted. They're reeving new halyards."

"We've got 'em now!" exulted Cap'n Wicksett.

The Tom Cod passed the Gloucester Lady like a speed boat.

Cap'n Wicksett thumbed his nose at her and headed straight for Bluefish Channel, a narrow passageway between two sand bars, three miles from Chatham. A quarter—a half—three quarters—the Tom Cod drove before a gathering gale.

"Better take a tuck in main and fores'l, cap'n," Mr. Lonergan said. "She's going too fast."

"Wouldn't believe it if I wasn't on her," said Mr. Godofroy, "but damned if I ain't on her!"

"Tucks, hell! Crackey! She's just feeling the kind of wind she likes!" yelled Cap'n Wicksett.

Like a delirious one-hoss shay of the sea, the Tom Cod pounded through the water, sending sheets of spray to wet the fore-topsail. She groaned in every timber.

The narrow channel loomed ahead. Young Talbot, watching the foremast anxiously, had been dazed, fascinated to inaction. Could this be the old Tom Cod? Then he looked astern and saw the Gloucester Lady like a toy ship in the distance, and remembered. He needed no spur of love, however. There was a popping sound and a great crack opened in the foremast. Young Talbot sprang to the halyard cleat to lower sail. He was too late.

Pow! Cra-a-a-a-ack! Crash!

Foremast and sail went over, fouling jib and outer jib and fore-stay-sail. The Tom Cod lurched drunkenly to starboard and, despite the cap'n's desperate left rudder, she ran with mad fury across the channel and dug her nose into the sand. Talbot went sprawling on the deck.

"Beat, by jingo!" said Cap'n Wicksett.

Mr. Smithson inspected. "Yep," he said.

All hands looked astern.

The Gloucester Lady had repaired her halyards and, under shortened sail, was coming fast.

Cap'n Wicksett patted the wheel of the Tom Cod affectionately.

"Never mind," he said. "'Twas my fault."

He stood up and faced the approaching schooner.

"Taking more tucks," Mr. Wallack reported.

Relentlessly, tauntingly, the Gloucester Lady approached. Down came two more sails. She squared away cautiously to run through the channel. Victory lay beyond.

With stunning suddenness the Lady veered to

port. Driving at a ten-knot clip, she heeled over and, amid a wild shouting of orders and scrambling of figures on her deck, ran solidly into the sand bar across the channel from the Tom Cod!

Cap'n Wicksett blew his nose.

"Not beat," he said. "A dead heat."

A goodly moon shone again on a Cape Cod beach. Young Talbot adjusted himself more comfortably against a boulder and drew Miss MacWilliams into his arms.

"I did want your grandfather to win," she sighed. "That's why I frayed the main sheet and halyards."

"You darling! But I wanted your uncle to win. I put that sea anchor out."

"I thought you did, when Cap'n Wicksett was accusing Uncle Ned. It made me so happy! I knew then that you really cared, Tally."

Silence. Kisses.

"But, dear, why did the Gloucester Lady run aground?"

"Well—when I saw the poor old Tom Cod on the beach, I couldn't bear it. I ran below and cut the wheel ropes."

"Angel!"

THE END

GAS AND DYNAMITE

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the sixteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THE service-station man may not call your attention to the danger of smoking while your gas tank is being filled, but he knows, better than any one else, that it is an extremely hazardous practice.

The very first lesson he is taught is that gasoline is highly explosive and oil and grease are extremely inflammable.

Therefore, while he is careful, many of his patrons are not. They draw away on pipes, cigars, or cigarettes, utterly unmindful of the danger involved. Often they carelessly throw away burning matches or discard live butts on greasy gas-laden cement.

Each year many cars are burned in this way. Very often the stations are destroyed along with the automobiles. Not infrequently injuries occur.

Just remember that gasoline is many times more powerful than dynamite and that it explodes much easier. Do your smoking a safe distance from the service station. That is the safe way.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

PUZZLES, PATRIOTS, POVERTY

An Exciting Murder Mystery, a Story of Sinn Fein Days in Ireland, and a Famous German Novel Find Their Way to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good
2 stars, good

3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD

THE PLAYERS: Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael, Regis Toomey, Tully Marshall, Jackie Searl, Fredrik Vogeding, Barbara Fritchie. Directed by George Archainbaud. From the story by Stuart Palmer.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD is a grand who-done-it mystery, neatly concocted from a story that is both eerie and logical, and expertly played by a cast headed by Edna May Oliver.

As the sleuthing schoolmarm who pussyfoots it up and down the school's corridors and cellars until she discovers who murdered the beautiful singing teacher, Edna May Oliver gives her best performance to date.

Murder on the Blackboard was more or less sneaked out of the sound stage, unburdened by the fanfare and publicity that attends more pretentious and often more disappointing productions. To miss Murder on the Blackboard is to miss one of the most succinct, amusing, and—in a couple of scenes—exciting films of its genre. Even if you are prejudiced against mystery pictures, as many seem to be, you'll find little to complain about in this one.

To tell the plot is fair to neither you nor the film. Suffice it to say that a music teacher, who might very well have been murdered by any one of five or six people, had a premonition of her death, and left, in the form of music notes written on a blackboard, the clue which leads to the

murderer. The appearance of guilt is so evenly distributed—even the guilty one is suspected—that it is not until the murderer is trapped that most of the audience realize how wrong their guesses have been.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sequel to Penguin Pool Murder, cost around \$200,000 . . . Edna May Oliver, ex-wife of Captain Henry of Ziegfeld's Show Boat, has yet to play a part in which she isn't cockeyed by Act 2 or Reel 3 . . . James Gleason, who rode to fame on a phrase (Is Zat So?), plays slick gents who pronounce "first" "foist" but have hearts of gold; is happily married (one son), and founder of a sort of Theatrical Royal Jester Family (The Gleasons) . . . Bruce Cabot was born Jacques de Bujac; hails from our hot Southwest; is of French-Indian descent . . . Tully Marshall, the Grand Old Man of the curmudgeon school, has foreclosed more mortgages in films than you can shake a dozen sticks at.

★★½ THE KEY

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Edna Best, Colin Clive, Hobart Cavanaugh, Halliwell Hobbes, Donald Crisp, Gertrude Short, Dawn O'Day. Directed by Michael Curtiz. From the play by R. Gore-Brown and J. L. Darby.

FOR the final picture under his Warner Brothers contract William Powell has, in The Key, a picture that almost makes up for its weak story by its colorful and, to the films, new background. The Key is laid in Ireland, when the Sinn Feiners were taking pot shots at every Britisher in sight.

Some one, a long time ago, started the rumor that the Irish were a gay, care-free people. The Key, for a change, shows the English to be romanticists and treats the Irish realistically. While not meaning to give The Key an importance which it does not have, the film does show a glimpse of a new and vital background.



Edna Best and William Powell (at the left) in a scene from The Key



A scene from Little Man, What Now? with Alan Hale and Margaret Sullavan



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AIDS DIGESTION



Murder on the Blackboard is a well worked out mystery with Edna May Oliver and James Gleason in leading roles

Unfortunately the story doesn't stand up to the setting. It's about a glamorous young English officer, played with a surfeit of charm by William Powell, who meets a former sweetheart while fighting the rebels. Edna Best, making her screen debut, is interesting as the lost lover but does not fulfill the promise which she showed on the stage.

The best performance in *The Key* is given by Colin Clive, who appears as the jealousy-ridden husband of Miss Best. As the officer in the Intelligence Corps who captures a notorious rebel and then lets himself be captured by the Irish when he finds his wife with her former lover, Clive's acting is both powerful and restrained.

The backgrounds of the film are carefully and realistically done—especially the saloons. There are some tense scenes of searches for hidden rebels; and one shot, that of a crowd praying for the release from jail of its hero, is beautifully photographed.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture taken from play which ran at St. Martin's, London. Has several Irish in cast, a novelty for Hollywood—which, frinst'nce, fills all-Jewish parts in films like *The House of Rothschild* with non-Jewish actors . . . William Powell, recently untangled from blonde luscious Carole Lombard, has also broken with Warner's and rewedded Metro. Will probably also enter holy contract with Muriel Evans, Hal Roach gal. Salary: oh, let's say about \$3,000 by new contract . . . Edna Best, leading lady, no longer head over heels with her husband, Herbert Marshall, has left for England to give Herb more room around Gloria the Swanson . . . Michael Curtiz, director, is Hungarian and has witnessed three revolutions: Russian, Austrian, and German . . . No good honest dirt on Colin Clive, English actor. Sorry.

★★ LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery, Alan Hale, Catherine Doucet, De Witt Jennings, Bodil Rosing, Muriel Kirkland, Mae Marsh, Christian Rub. Directed by Frank Borzage. From the novel by Hans Fallada.

ONE reason that *Little Man, What Now?* falls so low as a picture is that it aims so high. Intended, so the foreword tells us, as a study of the typical young man in the great depression, *Little Man, What Now?* shows a neurotic boy who would fall and break his neck if he bent to pick up a ten-dollar bill.

The basic fault of the picture is in the writing and acting of the principal rôle, Hans Pinneberg, played by

Douglass Montgomery. Montgomery, in attempting to portray the average young man married and out of work, shows instead a maladjusted individual whose continually tear-beared eyes and hysteric reactions make him one of the most unpleasant heroes to be seen in the movies.

As a study of a mentally twisted, high-strung boy, *Little Man, What Now?* is slow but occasionally gripping. However, as the picture attempts to show not a neurotic but a typical man, it must be criticized as such. And as such it misses its intent by a good mark.

The poignancy of the twisted, cramped lives of small-salaried white-collar workers is a thing that Hollywood evidently does not understand. Being poor, in pictures, means turning up your coat collar, wearing caps with bent visors, and walking around in a rain reserved for the poor.

In the early reels of the picture Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan are shown wearing a variety of smart well fitting clothes. Though only seven months or so elapse in the story, Montgomery has a complete change of sartorial taste and goes in for an outfit caricaturing a combination gangster and East Side tough.

The white-collar worker must keep up appearances. One of the saddest sights to be seen is the work-seeking man who day by day watches his suit grow shinier, his cuffs and collars more frayed. This bitterness of the dead passage of days that bring no work, the futility of the endless search for security, and the pathos of innocent incompetents caught in a worldwide economic chaos are not shown in *Little Man, What Now?*

The hero is a grouch who loses one job by slapping his boss's daughter and another by insulting a customer in the store in which he works.

Margaret Sullavan, as the wife, is charming and natural. Alan Hale, Christian Rub, and Muriel Kirkland are excellent in smaller rôles.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about \$250,000. Cost of novel from which film was taken: plenty . . . Mae Marsh, once a bit of D. W. Griffith wistful tearfulness, disappeared from pictures to marry Louis Lee Arms, newspaperman, and bear him three daughters. Making

comeback . . . Curly-haired Alan Hale has been in films since Biograph days as a menace, appeared with Mae Marsh in the dim past, is married to Gretchen Hartman, also old-time star, and for first time in years is playing dressed-up non-sneering rôle . . . Margaret Sullivan (not Sullivan) hails from the South, suh. Was star in Only Yesterday. Has become freshly unhitched from Henry Fonda, stage actor, and has gone on bicycle tour of England to forget. Salary: around \$2,500 a week.

★ I GIVE MY LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow, Sam Hardy, Tad Alexander, Dorothy Appleby. Directed by Karl Freund.

I GIVE MY LOVE is the 1934 model Madame X, equipped with free-wheeling coincidences and a written guaranty that the mother and child—drawn together by fate and a dull scenario—will meet in the final fade-out. The story has been done so often on the screen that if anything went wrong with the projector the audience could get up on the stage and act the thing out themselves.

Taken bodily from The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Madame X, and a hundred pictures of the same pattern, I Give My Love adds nothing new in the way of characterization or plot.

Wynne Gibson, as the mother who loses her son and skids down the greased path of degradation, is routine in one of the growing-older-by-the-reel parts which actresses so dearly cherish. Or maybe she's splendid. I don't know. You lose your judgment after the thousandth viewing of the same old character doing the same old thing.

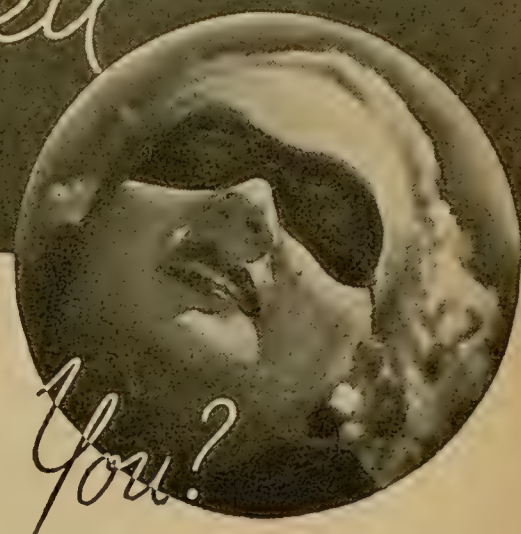
VITAL STATISTICS: Paul Lukas, young Hungarian known to friends as Palookas. Has turned down lead in cloak-and-suit drama, A Hat, a Coat, a Glove, after Barrymore and Menjou refused it. Part will probably be played by Mickey Mouse unless moths eat up the play. Gets around twenty hundred a week and is happily married to nonpro . . . Eric Linden recently left Hollywood forever when Joel McCrea swiped Frances Dee, Eric's best gal . . . Wynne Gibson, the pulchritude of the piktsch, called the Gibson Girl of '34, went on stage on dare, and is unwedded . . . Sam Hardy, dry clown, was nominated by Adolphe Menjou as Worst Dressed Man in Hollywood.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Masacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady.

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MUTINY in the Arctic

A Saga in Ice and Death—The Real Story of the Greely Expedition at Last

by **GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL**

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

GENERAL MITCHELL'S foreword to *Mutiny in the Arctic*, begun in *Liberty* last week, was a personal appreciation of its distinguished hero, Major General Adolphus Washington Greely, who is now in his ninety-first year.

General Mitchell began his own army service under General Greely's command, and was inspired by him to prepare for a career in aviation.

The Greely expedition of 1881-84 was a result of an international agreement to establish stations in the Arctic. It was August 11, 1881, when Greely and his party arrived at their objective, Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land. They named their station Fort Conger and built a house in which they wintered snugly. Scientific data were gathered. One exploring party reached a new "farthest north."

It had been arranged that a relief vessel would besent each summer. None appearing in 1882, the party prepared for a second winter. The following summer they were again disappointed, and now they abandoned Fort Conger and struggled southward in their boats. Near Cape Sabine they found some few supplies and a message, a promise of further efforts, lately left for them by the relief expedition that had failed.

A vessel had tried, rather half-heartedly, to get to them in 1882. This attempt in 1883 was more resolute until the vessel was nipped by the ice and sunk; after that, Greely and his men were abandoned to their fate. At Cape Sabine they built a hut of stones, snow blocks, canvas, and an old whale-boat. They had less than one fourth enough food to get through the coming winter. On October 19 they moved into the hut.

It was decided to send Rice to the main camp, more than fifteen miles away, to get help. He started at once.

PART TWO—A THIEF IN THE ARCTIC NIGHT

THE roof of the hut was low, and the only place a man could stand erect or even kneel was under the whale-boat. When they sat up in their sleeping bags, the heads of the tall men touched the roof. When twenty-five men were in the room in their sleeping bags, the only free

space left was in the center, where the cooking was done. Being so huddled together made them extremely uncomfortable. The thwarts in the boat were used as shelves for dishes and provisions. The door, three feet by four, which opened outward, was overhung by a piece of canvas to help keep out the weather. Just outside the door a small storehouse for food was built of snow blocks.

After the hut was completed, Greely had the contents of the various caches in the vicinity collected and carefully checked over. While the men were still hauling in supplies, in subzero temperatures, their weakened condition began to manifest itself alarmingly. Brainard opened a case of dog biscuits and found them bad. He makes this significant entry in his diary:

When this bread, thoroughly rotten and covered with a green mold, was thrown on the ground, the half-famished men sprang to it as wild animals would. What, I wonder, will be our condition when we undergo a still greater reduction in our provisions?

Three or four hunters were kept constantly in the field, but with little success on account of the darkness and violent storms. The rations, reduced to about one fourth



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HARRY T. FISK



Had the party had boats at hand, they might, even in their weakened condition, have crossed to the Greenland side with less difficulty than the party from the *Proteus* encountered in making their way in their heavily loaded boats to Cape Sabine through gaps in the floe ice.

the amount men would normally eat, were pronounced by the doctor insufficient to support life, but it was decided this way was their only chance for survival.

By the end of October the Greely party were realizing more acutely the fate that awaited them. They had no fuel except a scanty supply of alcohol, which was doled out for cooking; so they were always miserably cold and damp, and constantly hungry. The temperature of the hut never rose above freezing. About half the men were not fit for duty.

On October 24 the sun disappeared.

No newspapers had been left by the Garlington relief expedition, but some lemons had been wrapped in scraps of newspaper. Sergeant Rice read these aloud in the evening by the light of the Eskimo lamp, and it was learned that President Garfield had died. This one lamp, a tomato can filled with seal blubber, with wicks made from pieces of rope and old socks, was all they permitted themselves. Its light was fitful and wavering at best, but they could only afford this poor illumination for a few hours a day; the rest of the time the men had to grope around in darkness.

Their cookstove was a small sheet-iron cylinder made from the iron with which the whaleboat was sheathed. Soon the alcohol for cooking was almost exhausted, and they had to eke it out with pieces of barrels and a broken old whaleboat. In order to make the most of this wood, it was cut up in pieces no longer than a match.

Judging from their diaries, the thoughts of the men were not centered so much on themselves as on their families and friends at home. Was any one thinking of them and wondering about their fate?

During October, feeling in the United States ran very high over the failure to rescue Greely and his abandonment to death by starvation and freezing. Mrs. Greely, in San Diego, had hoped against hope that a rescue would be effected that summer, but now she knew that their chances for life were slight indeed. However, she knew Greely's indomitable spirit, his great physical strength and endurance, and his ability to handle men. She was undecided whether it would be best to go to Washington and attempt through personal solicitation to get something done, or to remain in San Diego and rouse the press of the country as much as she could, and endeavor through the Senators and Representatives from Massachusetts, Greely's home state, to get some action. She chose the latter course, feeling that she would be lost in the shuffle in Washington and would accomplish much more outside. Her judgment was sound. The pressure of public opinion grew stronger and stronger.

ON October 31 the President convened a court of inquiry to investigate the whole matter. The court met on November 8 and, after lengthy hearings, came to no conclusion at all, the usual action of a board. A few reprimands were given but nothing was done to get to the Greely expedition, who by that time were, of course, in desperate straits.

The question of another expedition was agitated in the press. Secretary of War Lincoln seemed entirely unfavorable to another attempt at a rescue, as the first two had ended in such dismal failures. Mrs. Greely, however, enlisted the active aid of Douglas Gunn, editor of a San Diego paper. She knew that Secretary Chandler of the Navy looked with favor on another relief expedition, so a newspaper campaign was begun for the organization of a naval expedition to go up and get Greely.

Douglas Gunn besought every paper in the country to help him. The terrible situation in which the Greely party had been left was emphasized. All who read the accounts were importuned to write to their Congressmen and demand action.

Meanwhile at Cape Sabine the hungry days passed slowly by. By November 1 all the caches had been gathered in with the exception of the 144 pounds of English meat at Cape Isabella. Up to this time Greely had refused to send any one out for it. This thirty-five-mile trip through darkness and fierce storms would be a perilous undertaking for well fed, hardy men. What chance would these poor fellows have? But Rice kept begging to go, others volunteered, and on the 2d Greely gave in and

sent a party of four—Rice, Fredericks, Elison, and Lynn. They carried a light sledge, a four-man sleeping bag, a tent fly, rifle, cooking lamp and pot; and every other member of the party contributed some clothing from his poor scanty stock. Their ration was a pound of food per day—eight ounces of meat and eight ounces of bread.

They started out in the Arctic night at 8 A. M. in a temperature of 9 below zero. The first night out they had to camp on the ice; but the second, they reached Eskimo Point and stayed at the old cabin. They reached Cape Isabella on November 7. The sky was clear and the moon bright, and to the southward the water was open as far as the eye could see. Even at that season of the year a vessel could have reached them without disaster.

On the fourth day they secured the meat and started back. Elison, contrary to instructions, insisted on eating snow, and thus wet his mittens through. That day they were fourteen hours reaching their camp, and were exhausted when they did so. They found that Elison had frozen both his hands and his feet.

THEIR sleeping bag was frozen hard as a board, but they lay down in it, and Rice and Fredericks worked with Elison all night long, trying to thaw him out. He was in terrible pain and no one had any sleep; but in the morning warm food and drink put new life in them all. They started out, but Elison had been frosted too severely, and in a little while his legs became as hard as cordwood, so he had to be almost carried along by Fredericks, while Lynn and Rice pulled the heavy sledge. The temperature fell to 25 below.

On the morning of the 9th Elison became totally helpless. The others tried making double trips, first for Elison, then for the meat; but found that it was a question of abandoning either the meat or Elison. Accordingly they left the meat, which meant so much to them, there in the snow, sticking a rifle up beside it to mark the place.

After eight or nine hours' further struggle they reached the Eskimo Point hut, where they made a fire out of the iceboat cached there, cooked a meal, dried their clothing, and thawed out Elison. His suffering, which had been bad enough before, was now the veriest torture.

As soon as possible next day they started out again, one man supporting and dragging Elison while the other two pulled the sledge; but Elison's feet and hands froze again and his face also, so that even his eyelids stuck together. Finally, when they reached a hill, his feet had become so solidly frozen that he could not stand. They were unable to haul him up the hill, so they had to camp in a northerly gale, which prevented their making a fire. It was decided to send Rice to the main camp, more than fifteen miles away, to get help. He started at once, eating some frozen beef on the way. The three men remaining lay down in the four-place sleeping bag and waited.

At midnight Rice staggered into the cabin and reported to Greely, "Elison is dying at Ross Bay." This was the first serious mishap to any of the party. Brainard and the Eskimo Christiansen were sent out at 4:30 A. M., temperature 28 below, with brandy and food, and were followed two hours later by Lieutenant Lockwood and Dr. Pavy with a large sled and four of the strongest men in the party.

The two men left with Elison tried to keep him warm with their own bodies in the sleeping bag, but it froze so stiff that they could not get out or even turn over. They had to lie in the same position for eighteen hours. During all this time they had nothing to eat or drink, and poor delirious Elison groaned and screamed with pain. They did not know if Rice could make camp in one march or not; if not, he would certainly freeze, and in that case they would die too. With all these horrors, it is no wonder that Lynn's mind gave way; he talked incoherently and clawed at the fastenings of the bag, trying vainly to get out. He never regained his reason.

Finally the rescue party came up. Sergeant Brainard had to cut the bag apart to get them out, and then they could not stand alone. Having given Elison some brandy, Brainard prepared a warm meal for them all, and after a while Fredericks and Lynn were able to start off to Camp Clay without assistance. Lieutenant Lockwood's

party came up, and Elison was placed on the sled and brought in. His hands and feet were frozen solid, and his face was in such bad condition that he did not look human. For a week he begged to be put to death, but after that he regained his composure and became as cheery as any other member of the party, although still in great pain.

This rescue was a wonderful feat. The eight men, feeble and exhausted as they were from want of food, had made a journey of nearly forty miles in forty-four hours, traveling over rough and heavy ice at temperatures ranging from 19 to 34 below zero. For the last leg of the trip Brainard was continuously on duty for more than twenty hours, marching and pulling the sledge, which was the hardest kind of labor. He remarks in his diary:

"Of the condition of the sledgers, I can speak only for myself. I am probably one of the strongest, but at no time in my life have my physical powers been called on to sustain such a trial as last evening. Even my will wavered." This was quite an admission for the brave and sturdy Brainard; the modest chronicler who habitually understates his miseries and wretched privations.

It began to be suspected that one of the party was stealing food. Lieutenant Lockwood discovered an open full can of milk hidden away. Later it was established that the marks on the tin corresponded to those made by a knife belonging to Private Henry.

THE men were inclined to keep in their sleeping bags for longer and longer periods, and it was hard to get them out. In order to occupy their minds and keep them from dwelling on their desperate condition, Greely began to give daily lectures of from one to two hours on the physical geography and resources of the United States, followed by similar talks on each state and territory. Israel talked on astronomy, and Dr. Pavy about France, natural history, and physiology. In the evenings some one usually read aloud from one of the six or seven books in their "library": Pickwick; Coningsby; Two on a

Tower, by Hardy; Hayes's Polar Sea; A History of Our Times; The Life of St. Patrick; the Bible, and Army Regulations, a copy of which was left for them in the wrecked cache!

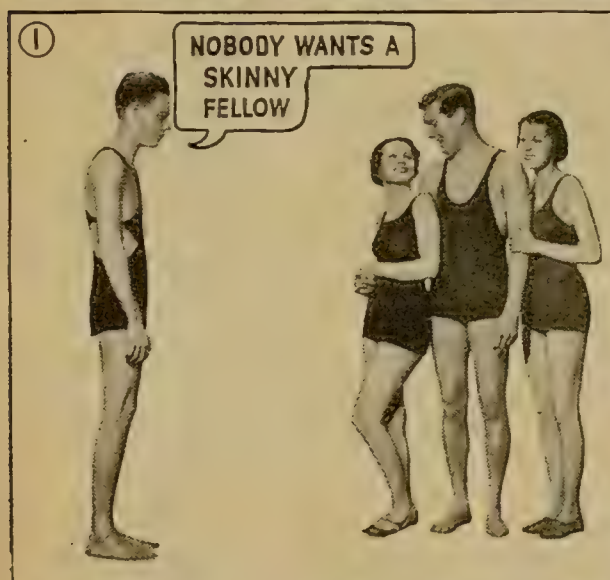
November 29, the last Thursday in the month, was indeed a sorrowful Thanksgiving, but they scraped together all the delicacies possible and celebrated the day. In the morning a double ration of coffee was issued; for lunch, a fox stew with bacon was followed by rice pudding, chocolate, and seven ounces of hard bread to each man. Twenty-five gills of rum and twelve lemons made a fine punch. For the first time since November 1, Brainard records, they had a feeling of repletion after eating; and he adds with perfect sincerity that the day was the most enjoyable of his life! Songs and merriment kept up until midnight. Greely mentions that the Psalms read that day made a deeper impression than he had ever noted before.

On the night of December 4 Greely was awake and heard Dr. Pavy steal bread from Elison's bread can. As he was the only surgeon in the expedition, Greely felt it necessary to cause no open breach and spoke to no one about it except the next two in command. It was only the iron discipline of the army, their self-control, and their regard for one another that kept these starving men from eating anything they were strong enough to take. The ration they were getting was just enough to keep the gnawing pangs of hunger always alive. They were hungriest just after eating, and it was worse when they were eating fifteen ounces than when they were eating ten. The only game obtained were foxes; every few days they got one, weighing from three to five pounds. Every bit of the fox, even the intestines, was eaten, and no one ever expressed any repugnance. The heart and liver always went to the hunter as a reward.

As in previous years, when the sun began to come north it had a strong influence for the better on the party. Christmas was celebrated with a seal stew, consisting of seal blubber, potatoes, and bread, flavored with pickled onions. This was followed by a rice pudding with raisins,

TOM'S TROUBLE

—by Gil



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FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

\$2,500

PRESIDENTS CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS!

SPACE does not permit publication in this issue of the complete list of 273 cash prize winners. Below are announced the winner of the first prize, a section of the \$10 winners' list, and many of the \$5 winners. If you were an entrant and do not find your name below, be sure to look in one of the following weeks' announcements. Checks will be mailed forthwith.

\$500 FIRST PRIZE

FRANK PHELPS, Milwaukee, Wis.

SOME OF THE \$10 WINNERS

Loa G. Winegar, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Jules Fabian, Detroit, Mich.; F. W. Carran, Boston, Mass.; Bernice Bartal, Wyandotte, Mich.; Ardeth Allen, Detroit, Mich.; Harry Van Doren, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Mrs. Signe A. Post, Palatine, Ill.; Mrs. Ed. Luetje, Columbus, Ga.; Fred J. Roming, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Elisabeth M. Salomon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Newton L. Clarke, Glendale, Calif.; Matilda F. Gomperts, Bridgeport, Conn.; Helen H. Pillsbury, Long Beach, Calif.; Daniel Gioseffi, Newark, N. J.; C. A. McGrew, Crafton, Pa.; Genevieve E. Case, Bellingham, Wash.

Arthur L. Wilson, Highland Park, Mich.; Louis Balthasar, Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. W. S. McKay, Baltimore, Md.; J. H. Barnett, Roanoke, Va.; Aubrey Pearson, Scotia, N. Y.; Mrs. Marion S. Lombard, Memphis, Tenn.; Mary E. Sullivan, Washington, D. C.

THESE ARE \$5 WINNERS

Dorothy Akins, Bellewood, Ill.; W. W. Altman, Bellingham, Wash.; Bjarne Amundsen, Chicago, Ill.; Irma Anderson, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Marie I. Babcock, Maywood, Calif.; Lester K. Badeau, Madison, Wis.; Arline Kazanjian, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Hub Huddleston, Brookhaven, Ga.; Mary Howard, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Charles H. Colegrove, Rochester, N. Y.; Florence C. Barnes, Maplewood, N. J.; Gertrude M. Batton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Frank W. Bauers, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Elinor Berger, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Edythe G. Berry, Plainfield, N. J.; Ernest Bersin, New York, N. Y.; Joseph Beuerle, Allentown, Pa.; Eula Biles, San Antonio, Tex.; Geo. G. Huseby, Madison, Wis.; William G. Bolan, Charlestown, Mass.; Katherine Hutchinson, Charleston, W. Va.; Herbert W. Jarand, Outremont, Que.; Mrs. Herbert S. Bowen, Jr., New Hartford, N. Y.; Oscar M. Jimenez, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dorothy F. Bower, Peoria, Ill.

Arthur H. Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dr. K. Chandra, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. C. L. Clark, Rockford, Ill.; Helen Clark, Paris, Tex.; Mrs. J. L. Clay, Newton, Tex.; W. G. Fraser, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Dr. J. M. Hartsook, Oakland, Calif.; Selma Hatley, Chicago, Ill.; O. K. Wilson, Orangeburg, S. C.; Earl J. Darling, Elkhart, Ind.; Ida Wood, Los Angeles, Calif.; Blanche R. Young, Byron Center, Mich.; J. S. Cole, Los Molinos, Calif.; Mrs. Catherine Drifmeyer, Richmond, Ind.; Anna I. Drohan, Yonkers, N. Y.; Clarence J. Mayer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Geo. F. McCordle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Walton C. Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Geo. J. Jones, Jr., Gettysburg, Pa.; A. G. Kalmbach, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Emma Kemp, Milwaukee, Wis.; Belle E. Kevil, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Braun, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Milton R. Gauger, Berwyn, Ill.; Mrs. R. A. Geller, Pittsfield, Mass.; W. A. Gillespie, Jackson, Miss.; R. H. Gobbett, Montreal, Que.; Alice Gober, Marietta, Ga.; Donald W. Gould, W. Springfield, Mass.; Ida M. Grimes, Waterloo, Iowa; Harold K. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.; Frances Bray, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Andrew J. Briggs, Cleveland, Ohio; Kamini K. Gupta, Berkeley, Calif.; Stephen Gusso, New York, N. Y.; G. Hagelthorn, Dearborn, Mich.; C. Ridgely Brown, Brighton, Mass.; Barbara Browne, Bridgeport, Conn.; William E. Burbank, Glenbrook, Conn.; Kathelyn Burke, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. B. F. Campbell, Brookfield, Ill.; Mrs. T. C. Chandler, Chicago, Ill.

seal blubber, and condensed milk, and a punch made of half a gill of rum and a quarter of a lemon to each man. Everybody was required to sing a song or tell a story, and they were regaled with Danish, French, German, and English songs and the peculiar sweet native melodies of the Eskimo.

The spirits of the men were keeping up in a remarkable manner. Dr. Pavy reported the entire party in an excellent state of health, considering the ration they were living on. To augment their rapidly diminishing fuel, they began burning rope to cook their meals; it made a dense and pungent smoke, irritating to eyes and throat. Cooking became a very trying job. The ceiling being so low, the room soon filled with steam and smoke. Most of the men put their heads inside their sleeping bags until the cooking was completed, but the poor cooks had to stand it. It was necessary for some one to blow constantly on the fire to keep it alight.

During January many began to show signs of decided weakness. First Elison's right foot, then his left sloughed off, and the doctor cut the fragments of skin that were holding them. Elison never knew it had happened. The doctor also amputated some of his fingers. In spite of his terrible freezing it looked as if he would live.

Brainard discovered that a hole had been cut through the canvas roof of the storehouse and some one had broken into a barrel of bread and taken out several pounds. Henry was again suspected of the theft. He was a very big man and was consistently keeping his strength while the others grew weaker. If he kept stealing food, he would soon be able to do up any of the rest of the party, or all of them combined. In contrast to his behavior, Brainard, weakening from overwork, was offered an extra allowance of an ounce of bread daily, but refused it, saying he would take his chances with the rest.

TOWARD the middle of January they began burning boot soles for fuel. The scientific observations continued to be made regularly and carefully. They started preparations for crossing the sea to the Greenland side as soon as it should become light enough to travel. Greely felt sure that the strength of the men would not allow any such undertaking unless some miracle happened; still, to keep up their spirits, he went ahead with the arrangements.

On January 18 Private Cross died. The doctor reported to Greely that it was due to both scurvy and starvation. So as not to depress the others, Greely told them that Cross's death was due to dropsical effusion of the heart, which was true; but this is caused by starvation. From that time on the doctor began examining the mouths of the men every day for symptoms of scurvy. Cross was buried with full military honors, except for the three volleys over the grave, on account of the necessity for con-

serving ammunition. It was the day before his fortieth birthday, and he had saved up a quantity of bread and butter for the purpose of celebrating it.

Greely had to forbid eating tea leaves left over after the tea had been made, as it was found to be injurious to health.

It was again discovered that some one was stealing; twelve cans of milk were missed. The feeling was so intense that Greely felt it necessary to counteract it by increasing slightly the allowance of seal blubber and hard bread, and he writes that "they hailed it with such joy and pleasure as would seem incredible to the rest of the world."

GREELY decided to send Rice and Jens the Eskimo to Littleton Island as a forlorn hope, on the chance of a steamer having got through and cached supplies there. He began feeding the two extra rations, to build up their strength. Elison was also getting extra rations. Some of the men, although growing very much weaker, began to save their food, but they were ordered to eat their full allowance every day. The temperature during January stood around 40 below.

Lieutenant Lockwood showed decided signs of weakening. His mind wandered and he talked to himself a great deal about his favorite dishes. Brainard's diary reads: "Lockwood growing weaker and weaker. His fitful moods almost break my heart. . . . That this should be the strong, daring, and enthusiastic Lockwood with whom I went to the 'Farthest'! He said to me a few days ago, 'Brainard, I have lost my grip.' Pitiful, pitiful. It's true, too. He has lost the last hope of life."

By the first of February four months' darkness had been passed, and twenty-four out of twenty-five men were still alive; twenty-two of whom were in fair condition, confident and hopeful. It looked as though they might be able to last out until relief reached them.

On February 2 Rice and Jens started. The day was bright, as the sun would be shining in about two weeks. A blue fox was killed by Long, the hunter, just before they left, which was considered a good omen. Their outfit and rations were the best the party could give them. They carried packs on their backs, Rice forty pounds and Jens thirty-five. Many of the party thought they were going to certain death, and for the next few days every one discussed their chances. It was hoped that if Rice failed to find a cache at Littleton Island, he would push on down to Etah and get help from the Eskimos there.

Brainard fell ill, and the doctor diagnosed his swollen face and limbs as symptomatic of kidney trouble. Unless he avoided exposure to the cold and violent exercise, he was in danger. His loss would be a terrible blow to the party, as he was not only abso-

lutely fair and careful in his work of measuring out the rations, but he was always ready to volunteer for extra duty, and he had the confidence of every man.

On February 6, much to every one's surprise, Rice and Jens returned. They had struck open water, which stretched as far north as they could see, making it impossible for them to get over to Littleton Island.

They reported much moving ice and dense water clouds along the edge of the fast ice, and said that they were unable to see the Greenland coast. Both were exhausted, especially the Eskimo, but appeared well otherwise. For two days they had been almost without water, as their improvised cooking lamp would not work properly.

Their failure to get through was a bitter disappointment to the party, and Greely increased the rations slightly to counteract the ensuing depression—"a pitiful game of brag," as he calls it. Of course a little later he had to cut down to make up for this increase.

However, active work went forward on the proposed expedition to Greenland, to be undertaken about March 1. All the gear was checked over and a list made of the weights that must be hauled or carried.

An inventory of the rations showed that they could live until April 10 if they could make out on four ounces of meat and eight ounces of bread daily. On February 8 a cold snap froze the mercury and encouraged them to hope that Smith Sound would freeze over solidly; but later they could plainly hear the roaring of the ice in the straits.

Scurvy again threatened some of the men, among them Lieutenant Lockwood. Toward the middle of February the tempers of the men became quite awry, and frequent violent disputes had to be settled by Greely. "But," he records, "bitter talk sometimes relieves the mind, and no blow has ever been struck—a remarkable record for twenty-five tortured and irritable men who have not known a moment of comfort in many months."

THE men were becoming very dirty, their faces black and their clothes covered with grease and soot, but there was no way to get clean. For over a month they had had water only for cooking and tea; they had to melt ice for this, as their water hole had long since frozen over thickly. Henry was again suspected of stealing food when some butter disappeared. Greely was becoming very anxious over Lieutenant Lockwood's condition and at this time designated the succession of command in case both he and Lockwood passed away. On February 17 the last of the seal meat, onion powder, peas, beans, carrots, and corned beef were used up in a stew. On the 27th the last of the onions, dog biscuit, and coffee were reached. No trace of any kind of game could be found at this time.

On March 1, the day set for cross-

ing to the Greenland side, the straits were wide open, with no ice on which to walk. Had the party had boats at hand, they might, even in their weakened condition, have crossed to the Greenland side with less difficulty than the party from the Proteus encountered in making their way, in their heavily loaded boats, to Cape Sabine through gaps in the floe ice. Or, if the men had been strong enough to remove their remaining boat from its position as the roof of their hut, they might have attempted a combination boat and sled trip, but this was beyond their feeble powers.

ON March 5 the last seal blubber, corn, tomatoes, potatoes, and soup were issued. A gale of wind with driving snow sent the temperature in the hut down to 19 degrees, and it was with difficulty that the men could sleep more than an hour or two a day. From March 6 on they were to have but fifty-six ounces of bread weekly—no dog biscuits or vegetables. Men in these circumstances talk constantly of food, the meals they have had at home and the menus they have read in restaurants. The only bacon left was rancid, but they ate it with relish and ate the tallow in which it was packed. They even scraped the stearin off the copper candle molds covered with verdigris and ate it.

Hunting parties were sent out as some signs of game were noticed. Bear and fox tracks were seen, and a couple of ptarmigan, but none was killed.

On March 8 the first hair-cutting of the winter was done. Men crawled to the foot of their sleeping bags and a barber passed along the alleyway.

Toward the middle of March the strength of the party diminished noticeably; two could not walk and half a dozen could not haul a pound. Long and Christiansen made a long trip to Alexandra Harbor to hunt, but they returned three days later, exhausted and unsuccessful. On the trip their sleeping bags froze up so tightly that they were unable to get into them farther than the hips. This was the beginning of the end for the Eskimo; he never recovered, and day by day his strength slipped away despite an increase in rations.

Greely especially was very disappointed over the result of the trip, having counted on game, and he admitted in his diary that it drove him almost insane to face the future. "To die is easy, very easy," he wrote. "It is only hard to strive, to endure, to live."

Rice and Fredericks offered to go in search of the cache of English beef which they had had to abandon in November, but Greely decided it was too small an amount to justify the dangerous journey. On March 14 Brainard killed three ptarmigan, which were eaten entirely—beaks, claws, and entrails.

Toward the end of the month it was found that shrimps could be caught, and a few were obtained from day to day by Rice and Brainard. These

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tiny crustaceans are only about half the size of a house fly, and are half shell. The "baits" which the men employed consisted of sealskin sewed over large stones, which were put into nets and thrown into the water. The shrimps collected on the surface of the skin and were then scraped off. It took 700 of them, by actual count, to weigh an ounce; 1,300 would about fill a half-pint measure.

On March 24 the whole party barely escaped being asphyxiated by fumes from the alcohol lamp on which breakfast was being cooked—since by this time the wood was all gone. The cook had forgotten to remove the rags stuffed into the stovepipe at night. Nausea and dizziness assailed the men and several fainted before the cause was discovered. Sergeant Gardiner, first to ascertain it, shouted, "It's the alcohol! Open the door, open the door!" All who were able tried to get outside, but some fainted before they reached the door. They were luckier than the ones who got out, because no sooner did these reach the open air than they fell unconscious in the snow, and as it was 25 below zero they suffered severe frost-bites before they came to.

It was noticed by all that every man tried to help his neighbor, with the exception of Henry, who seemed quite unconcerned about the others' plight. Greely's hands were so badly frozen that for a week he could not even feed himself.

BRAINARD fell down and got up, to faint again, at least a dozen times, and next to Greely was the worst affected. In spite of his frozen fingers, after an issue of rum and bread all around, he went out with his gun and killed a five-pound fox.

When preparations for breakfast were resumed, it was found that dur-

ing the confusion some one had stolen a large piece of bacon from the pot. Suspicion pointed to Henry and everybody watched him. Shortly before lunch he complained of nausea, then threw up quantities of half-chewed bacon, whereupon his crime was revealed. In his haste to get it eaten before being apprehended he had almost swallowed it whole, and this was more than his famished stomach could bear. Afterward, the Eskimo Jens, "our little man," as he was affectionately called, asserted that he had seen Henry steal the bacon, enacting in vivid pantomime the guilty man's manner of doing it.

A GENERAL investigation of Henry's conduct, held on the 25th, established the fact that he had stolen not only the bacon but rum also. The whole party was consulted and each man in turn pronounced him guilty. The men wanted to take extreme measures with him at once, but Greely decided that as it was a military command, he would deal with him as he saw fit. Having spared the medical officer on a previous occasion, he was unwilling to treat an enlisted man more severely, and announced that he would put Henry under arrest and require him to be always under the supervision of one of the men, except when he was in his sleeping bag.

A few days later ten ounces of English chocolate, which Brainard had found and was saving for Elison, disappeared, and circumstances again pointed to Henry as the thief.

With the grim consequences that overtook Private Henry, and with General Mitchell's inspiring and deeply moving account of the eventual rescue—from death's very jaws—of Greely and the others who survived, Mutiny in the Arctic will be concluded in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is the origin of the nickname "Uncle Sam"?
- 2—Who was the author of the drama *The Lady of Lyons*?
- 3—What is a umiak and of what is it constructed?
- 4—Who was Black Hawk?
- 5—Who was Sir William Blackstone?
- 6—What is the sixtieth wedding anniversary called?
- 7—Where and when did Washington assume command of the American army?
- 8—What is the origin of the word "desert"?
- 9—Who was called "the Expounder of the Constitution"?
- 10—Which continent was the latest discovered?
- 11—What does biannual mean?
- 12—Where was David Lloyd George, the British statesman, born?
- 13—Which state has the greatest mileage of railways?
- 14—In what poem does the following occur: "Dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamed before"?
- 15—Upon what musical instrument did Frederick the Great play?
- 16—What is the greatest known depth in the Atlantic Ocean?
- 17—Where is the pineal gland located?
- 18—What is a steelhead?
- 19—What is the length of the Panama Canal?
- 20—Which was the first heavyweight championship fight under Queensberry rules?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

Luncheon al Fresco

I AM hungry," said the personage. It was a condescension, a gracious confidence. The captain of waiters beamed, enchanted, and bowed to forty-five degrees. The waiter at his elbow, one pace to the rear, bowed gravely to seventy degrees with the slightest genuflection.

"A dry Martini, sir?" breathed the captain.

"Do I look like cocktails? I'm sorry," said the personage, who had luxuriant hair and a Vandyke beard, and clothes of the negative elegance that stamps one as distinguished or wealthy and eccentric. "Just sherry, if you don't mind. You have a good dry oloroso. Cotuits—a dozen. Steady! Don't say cocktail sauce. Mignonette pepper and crushed coriander in a bit of white wine with a dash of tarragon."

"The guinea hen *chasseur* is a menu special for today, sir."

"Specials are doubtful at best. But guinea chicken, yes. *Filet suprême* with *ceps Bordelais*. Salad? Chiffonade—*à la maison* will do—but add half an avocado. Then—a pint of chablis, slightly cool."

The waiter scurried, the captain subsided. The personage glanced across the low clipped hedge atop the stone balustrade which separated the terrace table from the sidewalk.

"God!" he exclaimed stormily. "What an outrage! Tantalus in Tartarus! Are you hungry, old chap?"

"I use' ter be 'fore it got worse 'n that, sir," croaked the one who stared from outside in.

"Horrible! You know, I'd ask you in, but—your clothes, your—oh, you know! This is a civilized place—a Christian place—and they'd throw you out. You wouldn't mind if I handed you something? Do you care for guinea chicken *chasseur*?"

"Do folks still have ham san'wiches—or—Oh, beans is all okay with me, sir."

"Forgive me! You want food. Let me see—er—'Ready dishes.' Here's *ragout d'agneau à la bonne femme*. That's plain Irish stew with spuds and trimmings. Wait there—I'll slip you the platter. Waiter!"

The captain beat the waiter to the table but paled at the situation.

"But—the gentleman will understand—I am sorry—"

"Don't be sorry about anything! I will do all the being sorry. Just rush the ragout in here before the man dies."

The ragout came, three paces behind the Cotuits, and was passed over the hedge by the personage.

"What! Another one?" he cried. "Your mother, old chap? No? She looks sick. My poor, dear woman, can you take—solid food?"

"An' how, mister! Sure, a ham bone'd be a dilicacy if me teeth wa'n't all gone entirely. But, bless ye, I c'd swaller a slice o' ham whole, teeth or no teeth, darlin'!"

"Waiter, two portions Virginia ham and eggs, Southern style—and French pancakes with jelly. Coffee, too, for both of them."

"I am sorry," protested a new voice; "but you know, of course, sir, that—"



A SHORT SHORT STORY

by
J. I. LAWRENCE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

macaroons. Hurry up the ham and eggs and pancakes. The poor soul is dying on her feet."

"Look here!" cried the manager. "My dear sir, I can't—"

"Run and catch that newspaperman," counseled the personage. "Slip him three two-bit cigars and tell him you have never fed a starving person in all the years you've been a manager. Tell him I'm a crazy poet—or a big oil man from Texas; that's better. There ought to be a cameraman to get a picture."

"The guinea filet and the chablis, sir," murmured the stunned waiter. "Here, sir, or out there?"

"Here! Fripperies for the satiated, substantial for the perishing! Rush the ham and eggs."

AN interval—a quarter hour of inarticulate murmuring, gasping, smacking of chops—then the personage sighed and got up.

"A policeman is standing at the corner," he informed the captain and the waiter. "You'd better call him before he gets away. The luncheon was excellent. I regret that I have no money."

Blanched faces—swiftly incarnadined, em-purpled by reaction.

"Sixteen dollars!" intoned the captain, facing toward the apoplectic manager. "And eighty-five cents!" he added, *largo rallentando*.

"The police!" shrilled the manager.

"Aw, keep yer shirts on!" jeered the old woman over the hedge, and flashed from her bosom a roll of bank notes that matched her wrist in diameter. "Sure, it's meself that'll stake the gintleman! It's a soft heart he has, an' a soft head, too, God love 'im!"

"And you"—frothed the manager—"you took all that food—having all that money!"

"Sure, an' wasn't I invited? What's the likes o' me to be givin' th' back o' me hand to a gintleman like him?"

The personage tapped the manager on the shoulder ominously.

"If the beauty of the episode escapes you," he said, "assume at least the grace of silence."

THE END



J. I. LAWRENCE while a New England Yankee, has lived in the South, Southwest, Middle West, and New York, from which, he says, he fears there is no escape. He was in the Air Service in the war and has had published more than 300 pieces of fiction.

Education in Damascus

*Romance and a Girl and a Dark
Adventure . . . Here's a Stirring
Story of the Mystic Orient*

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE British consul and his wife were giving a dinner party. Grassin, Watts, and Kelly, the three latest arrivals, moved mechanically along the room to their host. Grassin was a pigeon-breasted, high-nosed gentleman in field uniform, with the ribbons of decorations too numerous to mention strung across his heart. Watts was a much sunburned young American in a dinner jacket; Kelly an older American, red-faced, double-chinned, pompous enough to inspire awe. Mr. Kelly was in white tie and tails.

"Hello, hello," said the British consul, McLachlan, beaming impartially on all three. "Watts, you don't know people, do you? Let me take you around. Isabel, this is a compatriot of yours. Miss Thursby, Mr. Watts—the dauntless war correspondent."

"How do you do?" said Miss Thursby. "Mac told us you were coming. I expected you to wear a patch on your eye and carry a swordstick and maybe revolvers."

It was five minutes before Watts, having made the tour of the room, was able to get back to Miss Isabel Thursby. Besides being a compatriot, Miss Thursby was the only pretty girl in an otherwise definitely middle-aged room. She stopped talking to Kelly, the pompous large American, as Watts came near.

"We've all been wondering," she said, "why a war correspondent should come to Damascus. It's the quietest town in the world."

"It wasn't always," said Watts.

"I know," she said. "But I should think a war correspondent would starve to death here just now."

"He'd be better off," boomed Kelly, "if he'd take up movie criticism."

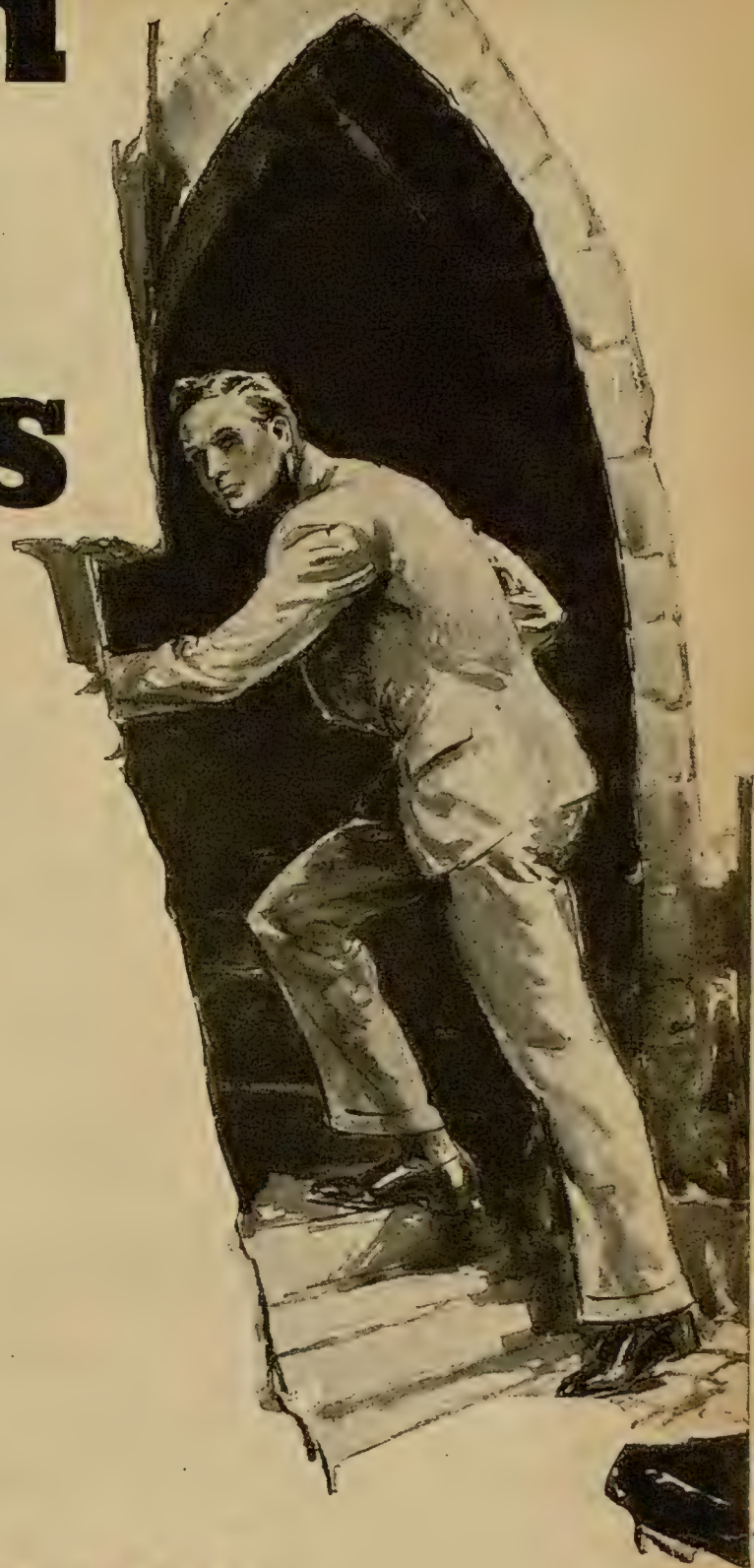
"That's so," said Miss Isabel Thursby. "You know each other? Mr. Watts—Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly is here to direct a very warlike movie. From all I hear they've got every Arab who ever toted a gun in it. Only the guns aren't loaded."

"I've spent the past four or five months in the Arab countries," said Watts. "They seem pretty quiet just now, except in the desert. But that doesn't mean anything."

"Right you are," said McLachlan, coming up at that moment. "You can never use the word quiet to describe any Arab country or town. The best you can say is quiescent, and even that's rather optimistic."

Major Grassin's commanding nose appeared over Isabel Thursby's shoulder.

"Have we not met before, Mr. Watts?" he inquired. "In—ah—another country?"



by
**VINCENT
SHEEAN**

The American, whose face had burned and peeled so many times that it looked as if it could not take on another shade of color, turned an even darker red.

"We have met before, Major Grassin," he said, embarrassed. "In Morocco it was. My name is G. C. Watts of the Globe Syndicate, New York. Remember?"

Grassin pursed his lips and stuck his chest out further than ever.

"Every Frenchman," he said loudly, "who was in Morocco at that time has good reason to remember the name of G. C. Watts. What are you doing in Damascus, Mr. Watts?"

The American smiled at Miss Thursby as he replied:

"I'm just here on a visit. I don't have to have a war everywhere I go, you know."

Grassin stared at the American briefly, and then turned away to talk to Mme. Caoutchouc.

Isabel Thursby giggled.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you've irritated Grassin somehow. He's our eagle, easily ruffled."

"I must say," Kelly boomed out, "that the old boy has



"After leaving your spies in the street, I decamped in the other direction with an Arab friend of mine — a Nationalist."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

been very obliging to me. Given me every facility, every coöperation. The Stupendous Pictures Corporation owes him a debt of gratitude."

"Stupendous Pictures Corporation?" Watts asked his compatriot. "Is that a new company? I never heard of it."

"Newest thing in pictures!" Kelly shouted. "Going to make nothing but real stuff. Why, sir, we're going to have fifty thousand Arabs on the streets of Damascus in one battle scene alone!" He gave the young man a scornful glare and walked away.

"You're pretty good," said Isabel Thursby. "When you came up here I was surrounded by amiable gentlemen making pretty speeches. Somehow or other you've succeeded in insulting them all and driving them away."

"Do you mind an awful lot?" Watts asked.

"No," she admitted. "But you didn't have to be so rude to poor Mr. Kelly. After all, he's a movie man. You must expect him to be bombastic."

"I don't like his looks," said Watts. "What do you say we stick a pin in his white waistcoat? Ten to one he'd explode in a cascade of bum stock and promotion schemes.

Stupendous Pictures Corporation! I've heard of others with names like that."

"Well, he hasn't tried to sell me anything," said Isabel. "Or anybody else out here."

"He probably works on the principle that all the boobs are in New York," said Watts. "And that's pretty sound financing."

"Don't get bitter about him," Isabel advised. "This is Damascus, and you have to be grateful for anybody who can speak English. Would it interest you to know you're sitting next me at dinner?"

Watts was so interested in sitting next to Miss Thursby at dinner that he arranged—not without difficulty—to sit opposite her the next day for lunch, at a table for two. She met him in the hall of the Victoria with a number of books under her arm.

"I've decided," she explained, "that you people—war correspondents and such—are interested in politics and fighting, and not in any of the right things. You told me last night you had been in Damascus three times and had never seen any of the mosques. And yet you're a notorious pro-Arab!"

"Who said I was a notorious pro-Arab?" he asked as they moved off toward the dining room.

"Major Grassin," she answered. "He was telling the McLachlans and me what a lot of trouble you made for the French in Morocco three or four years ago. He's worried to death about your presence here. I had no idea, until I heard him talk, that you were such a dangerous person."

"I'm harmless as a flea," said Watts. "But your story, mademoiselle, explains a lot."

"For instance?"

"Well, for one thing, I went out last night after the party was over to see the floor show at the Olympia. I went with those British navy people. A little brown bird of an Armenian or Syrian or something like that, in Christian clothes, came in and sat at a table and stared at us until we left. He also followed us back to the hotel. This morning I had a number of calls to make, and I was followed everywhere by this same little local Christian."

"It does look funny," Isabel said. "You haven't done anything to arouse their suspicion, have you?"

"Not a thing," said Watts. "Except, of course, to come to Damascus. I knew Grassin in Morocco. I reported that little rumpus, for my papers, from the other side, and Grassin won't ever forget it."

"Did you see any Arab politicians this morning?" Isabel pursued. "Rebels or ex-rebels or people who are under suspicion of being Arab Nationalists?"

"Certainly," said Watts, surprised. "It wouldn't do me any good to come all the way here to get mimeographed hand-outs from some information office. I had to see some Arabs. And most Arabs of any consequence are Nationalists."

"Well, that's it, then," said Isabel. "You're just a suspicious character, I suppose."

"You ought to meet some of the Arabs," said Watts, "if you want romantic tales and picturesque figures and all that. You've been wasting your time on dead works of art. That's what comes of getting a degree in fine arts from Radcliffe. It's ruined your outlook."

"All right," she said. "If you'll come with me and be educated about Arab art and architecture, I'm willing to meet a few living Arabs. Shall we make it a bargain?"

They shook hands gravely across the table.

"WHO are some of the so-called living Arabs?" Isabel asked.

"The most interesting one," said Watts, "is a Druse leader called Ahmad. I don't want to say his family name out loud; names carry a long way in a place like this. I went to see him this morning."

"Give me his age, description, and a biography."

"Fortyish, I suppose," said Watts. "He's a Druse, a real Druse, but he went to military school in Constantinople before the war. Fit, bled, and died with Colonel Lawrence. Entered Damascus with Lawrence at the end of the war, and held the town for Feisal against the French afterward. Escaped in disguise to Jerusalem and finally to the desert. Condemned to death twice by the French, once by the British. Amazing courage. Speaks most languages. Can ride any horse and use any kind of saber, sword, or gun. Is that romantic enough?"

"Divine!" said Isabel, her gray eyes alight. "Tell me more."

Watts told her more until luncheon was ended.

"You're coming with me now," Isabel said firmly. "We're going to the Musée Arabe. After that we're going to drive out the Maidan and look at some little mosques there. I shall explain things to you. If you ask difficult questions, we've got the books to consult."

"O. K.," said Watts obediently. "You hand out the culture and I'll take it any day."

As they came out of the Musée Arabe and started to get into a droshky, Watts leaned toward Isabel's attentive ear.

"Directly opposite," he said, "is the spy. Obvious, isn't he?"

Isabel gazed into the street. A small brown bird, indeed, was the gentleman chosen to follow their comings and goings.

"But how stupid of Major Grassin!" she marveled. "If he must put a spy on you, why doesn't he pick a good one?"

"There aren't any," said Watts. "A flat-foot is a flat-foot the world over."

They drove in the open carriage out the long road of the Maidan, the handle of the spoon which is Damascus. The Maidan was, as usual, an epitome of the Near East, with desert Arabs and city Arabs and Levantine Christians and black-robed Jews scurrying about their business; with French officers clattering or honking their way through the street; and with misshapen veiled figures of Moslem women sidling along the walls of houses. At every stop in this jumbled thoroughfare Watts and Isabel glanced back.

Their friend the spy was always with them. He leaned back luxuriously in the dirty droshky he had hired to pursue them.

"It's funny," said Watts. "But annoying, too."

"Why don't you speak to Major Grassin?" Isabel asked.

"He'd deny such a person existed as that little brown bird," said Watts.

"HERE'S our mosque," she said. "Come on in."

Watts stared at the small cream-colored structure.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Now it'll be worse than ever. Do you know where you are taking me?"

"Of course I do," she said severely. "I'm taking you to a little mosque which has one of the loveliest rose mosaics in all Arabia."

"Indeed," he said with heavy sarcasm, following her through the narrow door in the wall. "Well, you may be interested to know that your Rose Mosque is famous as a center of the wildest kind of Arab Nationalism. It used to be a headquarters of the secret Nationalist Committee. May be still, for all I know. What will Grassin say to that?"

Isabel rang a bell in the covered entrance.

"How foolish!" she said. "I've been here dozens of times. Every tourist comes. The rose mosaic is celebrated."

"I'm not a tourist," said Watts, "and Grassin already suspects me of illicit goings on. Not that I care, but I'd like to hear that little spy's report this evening when he turns it in."

Isabel's efforts in behalf of the education of Mr. Watts continued for some three hours, during which they, followed by the little spy, visited a number of the smaller mosques out on the Maidan. Back at the hotel, they parted with a promise to meet for cocktails at seven thirty.

At seven thirty when Watts, tired and a little disheveled, came into the lounge, Isabel was already seated with the McLachlans and two French officers. He went over to make his apologies.

"I've had to stay out longer than I intended," he said. "May I join you in ten minutes?"

Then, leaning swiftly toward Isabel, he added in an undertone:

"When I come back will you arrange to let me speak to you alone for about two minutes?"

She leaned back, delighted. The romantic atmosphere of Damascus was getting thicker and thicker. After exactly five minutes she excused herself, went to the desk to ask a fabricated question, and was standing there when Watts, with clean face and hands and combed hair, ran down the stairs.

"What's up?" she asked.

"It's just this," he said. "I've been followed this afternoon by two of those birds instead of one. Two new spies, much better than that little fellow. If you can find out what's the matter with Grassin I'd be grateful."

"That's easy," she said. "If I see him I'll ask him."

"But the chief thing," said Watts, "is that man Kelly. I'd like to know what he's up to. There's a rehearsal of his movie mob scene tomorrow. My friend Ahmad knows something about him; I don't know what it is—he wouldn't tell me. I've cabled New York and London to find out if anybody knows anything about Kelly or his Stupendous

At every stop Watts and Isabel glanced back. The spy was always with them.



Pictures Corporation. But the way things are going, I may be asked to leave the country before I find anything out."

"Could the authorities do such a thing?"

"It's their right at any time," he said. "And they seem to have put me on the black list. I think we'd better concentrate on Kelly."

"Aye, aye, sir," she said. "You can count on me. Now come on over here and join the McLachlans."

Watts sat at the same table that night with Miss Thursby and the McLachlans. During the evening Watts addressed himself to the British consul.

"Do you happen to know," he asked, "what our friend Kelly is doing? I understand he has only two cameramen and no actors at all with him; no authors, no script people; and a staff consisting of one secretary-assistant. How can he take a movie?"

McLachlan, startled, scratched his pink chin.

"Upon my word! You surprise me. You mean—"

"Oh, nothing in particular," said Watts. "Simply

that movies usually are taken with a great deal more expert assistance."

"He told us," said McLachlan slowly, "that he was working on an entirely new principle. He was going to get exclusively what he calls 'real stuff.' This was to be pieced together afterward in Hollywood. He's got the French officials in his pocket. I believe he came out here with letters from political bigwigs in Paris. They're permitting him to stage a battle scene, and he's brought in a lot of Arabs from the south and east. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," said Watts, "except the man himself. He looks wrong to me. I doubt if he's an American at all, or if his name is Kelly."

"What do you think he is?" McLachlan asked, watching the young American. "Are you going to suggest that he's Russian?"

"I don't know," said Watts. "I hadn't thought of that. But his accent is funny; his Stupendous Pictures Corporation doesn't sound real to me; and his whole procedure for taking a battle scene isn't like anything

I've ever heard about. I should think that even a French army officer would know that you can't take a movie of a great battle all over the streets of Damascus, with ten or fifteen thousand Arabs in action, with only two cameras."

As their party moved toward the lounge of the hotel Watts was politely greeted by a young French officer.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the officer. "May I speak to you for one moment?"

Watts dropped behind the others.

"At your service, *mon lieutenant*," he said.

"I am instructed to inform you," the officer said, "by authority of his Excellency the High Commissioner, that you are expected to leave the states of Syria and the Lebanon within twenty-four hours. There is a train to Beirut tonight and a boat from Beirut tomorrow. On the other hand, if you wish to stay until tomorrow evening, you can motor to Jerusalem. An escort will be provided for you to the frontier, whichever frontier you choose. We do not wish to inconvenience you."

"Oh, no," said Watts. "No inconvenience, I assure you. Have you any idea why this action is taken?"

"Monsieur," said the young officer with a touch of haughtiness, "I do not question the orders of my superiors!"

"Very well," said Watts. "Thank you."

He rejoined the McLachlans and Isabel in the lounge. He did not want to leave Damascus within twenty-four hours. His work was not done; and Miss Thursby had announced her intention of staying another two weeks. Mr. Watts had fully intended to receive a great deal of education in that time.

"The furrowed brow, the downcast eye," said Isabel. "What do they mean?"

"I'm invited to leave the states of Syria and the Lebanon," said Watts, "within twenty-four hours. Every government has the right to deport foreigners they don't like. But what is the reason for it? I've done nothing. And although Grassin may say I'm 'notoriously pro-Arab,' that usually isn't sufficient reason."

Isabel leaned over the hammered-brass table on which their Turkish coffee was now steaming.

"I've an idea," she said almost in a whisper. "Could it have something to do with Mr. Kelly?"

Watts stared across the table at her. A long pause followed.

"That's it!" he said at last. "You've got it!"

HE jumped to his feet, Isabel after him.

"I'm off," he said. "When I get back I'll know everything there is to know about Mr. Kelly and his trip to Damascus. Or die finding out. I'll fix him! You're a genius. Obviously it must be Kelly who's at the bottom of all this. I'm a newspaperman, and he's afraid of me—that's the whole story. He must be up to something pretty crooked, and he wants to get rid of me before I find out what it is."

"But where are you going?" she asked. "Can't I go too? Don't leave me out of all the excitement! Remember, it was my idea."

He looked down at her, smiling.

"No, you can't go, little girl," he said. "I'm going to a place where you couldn't possibly be seen. I don't even think you'd be safe. Into the bazaar I'm going, until I reach the back room where my friend Ahmad is at present hidden. Please remember that he's under sentence of death and every visit to him is a danger to him. I'm only going because this time it's necessary. He's got to tell me everything he knows about Kelly, or send me where I can find out."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she moaned, blinking at him. "Great big hero goes into perilous places, and me left sitting in a hotel lobby drinking coffee! I don't like it a bit."

"Make my apologies to the McLachlans, will you?" he said. "Could you be up when I get back?"

"I'll sit here until you come," she vowed, "even if it

takes all night. Do hurry back—and—and take care of yourself. Please!"

Watts ran down the steps to the street with a broad smile on his face. The lady's last words were encouragement to almost any enterprise.

Isabel returned to the McLachlans and the evening wore away. At midnight they left her with a book. She had told them just enough to make them realize that she had a reason for waiting up, and they gave her her own way.

Toward one o'clock Grassin came in, saluted her with some surprise, and started upstairs.

"Major Grassin!" she called. "May I ask you something?"

"Anything, dear mademoiselle," he said, bowing.

"Tell me, then," she said, "why you are deporting my friend Mr. Watts, and why he is shadowed by spies."

Grassin started to swell up with patriotic indignation. As he looked at her, however, he could not quite achieve his usual flamboyant style.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "normally I should not answer that question except with a formal denial. But I shall tell you, because you are so *gentille*. Mr. Watts is a troublemaker. This I have known for years, and a compatriot of yours has confirmed my opinion."

"Kelly!" said Isabel with contempt.

"Mr. Kelly is a great friend of France," said Grassin reprovingly. "Mr. Watts is not. And furthermore, allow me to tell you that my spies are following Mr. Watts no longer. At half past eight tonight he led them into the heart of the bazaar, vanished up a stairway, and has never been seen since. My stupid spies are still cooling their stupid heels in the Street Called Straight." He bowed low. "Good night, mademoiselle."

SHE sat motionless for a long time. The words "and has never been seen since" echoed in her ears. Presently, out of sheer nervousness, she began to cry. Finally her head fell across her arms on the table and she went sound asleep.

"Isabel! You darling! You waited for me!"

She woke up suddenly, jumped to her feet.

"Oh!" she cried in a weak, terrified voice. "Oh, Watts! Watts! You've got blood on your collar!"

"I know it," he said cheerfully. "I could have wiped it off, but I'm proud of it. My child, we have the goods. And I'd rather be called George than Watts, if you don't mind. Where's Grassin?"

"Gone to bed," she said. She was trying to keep cool; but the sight of Watts, disheveled and filthy, unnerved her.

"We're going to wake him up," said Watts exultantly. "There's no time to lose."

"You move so peculiarly," she said. "You almost limp. Please tell me if you're hurt."

"I limp because I've been on a camel all night," he said. "And Gawd! how I hate camels! I'm not hurt; only tired. Somebody tried to shoot me but it only scratched my neck."

"Some people have all the luck," said Isabel, running alongside him up the stairs. "I've just been sitting here all night, getting more bored and nervous every minute."

"Woman's place," said Watts heartlessly, "is in the hotel lobby. Where's Grassin's room?"

"How do I know?" she said. "I think it's at the end of this first floor. All the best rooms are there."

They peered, lit matches. Grassin's door had a card on it. Watts pounded mightily on the panels.

"*Qui est là?*" the major bellowed angrily.

"*Nouvelles de la première importance!*" Watts bellowed back. Then, squeezing Isabel's hand in the darkness, to share the joke with her, he added in tones which might have been heard in Paris:

"*Il s'agit de la France, du salut de la France!*"

The light in the room went on. The major, after a minute or two, opened the door and stood revealed in the splendor of a very ornate dressing gown.

"*Vive la France!*" he said pompously. But when he recognized them, he grew purple with anger.



VINCENT SHEEAN was born in Illinois, graduated from the University of Chicago, and became a foreign correspondent at the age of twenty-one. He has worked in Europe, North Africa, China and other countries. He started to write fiction in 1927 and has had stories published in all the leading magazines.

"Young man," he stammered in English, "get away from here and get out of this country, or it will be the worse for you."

Watts calmly advanced, leading Isabel by the hand.

"If you will please listen to me one moment, major," he said, "I think you will withdraw those harsh words. I have information of the very highest importance for you."

"Give it," said the major dramatically, "and begone!"

Watts pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket. On it was a rough map.

"At two hours' ride by fast camel from Damascus," he said, "at a place indicated on this map, toward the desert of the Beni Sakhr, is a cache of ten thousand rifles, forty Lewis guns, and ten light Schneider-Creusot cannon. This is the property of your friend Mr. Kelly, I am glad to say. He has not yet had time to sell it to the unfortunate Arabs whom he has been squeezing for weeks. It was part of his bargain to transfer the stuff early tomorrow morning, and get the purchasers into Damascus besides. That's his game—and a pretty one. If you have any sense you will arrest Mr. Kelly, forbid the rehearsal of his so-called 'movie' tomorrow, put on the curfew, and close the gates of Damascus to the Bedouins."

Grassin dropped into a chair.

"H-h-how can I believe you?" he asked. "Kelly! He had letters from two former premiers of France."

"Anybody can write letters," Watts pointed out. "In fact, lots of people do. Kelly is an old hand at the gun-running business. He's a Swede by birth and his name is supposed to be Larson. He sold plenty of rifles during your troubles here in '26. But I've never heard that he, or any other gun-runner, actually guaranteed to supply the opportunity to fight along with the guns and munitions."

"Tonight, after leaving your charming spies in the Street Called Straight, I decamped in the other direction with an Arab friend of mine

who shall be nameless. He is a Nationalist, and a very good one; but, like myself, he does not like to see people butchered for nothing. He had just been informed definitely on the whole plot and of the place where the guns are hidden. I was obliged to wear turban and *abbaya* and ride on a camel. Damn it, man, I don't care if you have a revolt on your hands! I'd get a story out of it, anyway, which is more than I can do now. If you don't do as I say, there'll be blood in the streets tomorrow, instead of just on my neck."

Grassin's jaw snapped and he sprang to the telephone. There was a staccato series of orders. For fifteen minutes he paid no attention to Watts and Isabel.

When Grassin turned back to them he was himself again.

"My friend," he said, "I am acting on your information. Kelly left for Jerusalem shortly after midnight."

The major frowned, cleared his throat, trembled with emotion.

"I suppose your trip to the desert was rapidly made known to him," he said, "and he has taken flight. I apologize to you for my attitude of the past twenty-four hours. You may remain in Damascus as long as you like. If it were in my power to do so, I should give you the cross of the Legion for tonight's work. It is not in my power. But I can give you, and with the utmost sincerity, the thanks of the French Republic."

He saluted them fiercely. They bowed and stalked out. When they reached the hall, they ran, choking with laughter, to the stairs.

"Let's sit on the steps a minute," said Watts, "and then we'll call it a day. You know, of course, that I didn't do all this hard work for the sake of the French Republic. I did it because I wanted to stay on in Damascus and let you continue my education," he said. "Will you?"

"Yes, darling," she said. "Didn't you know?"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

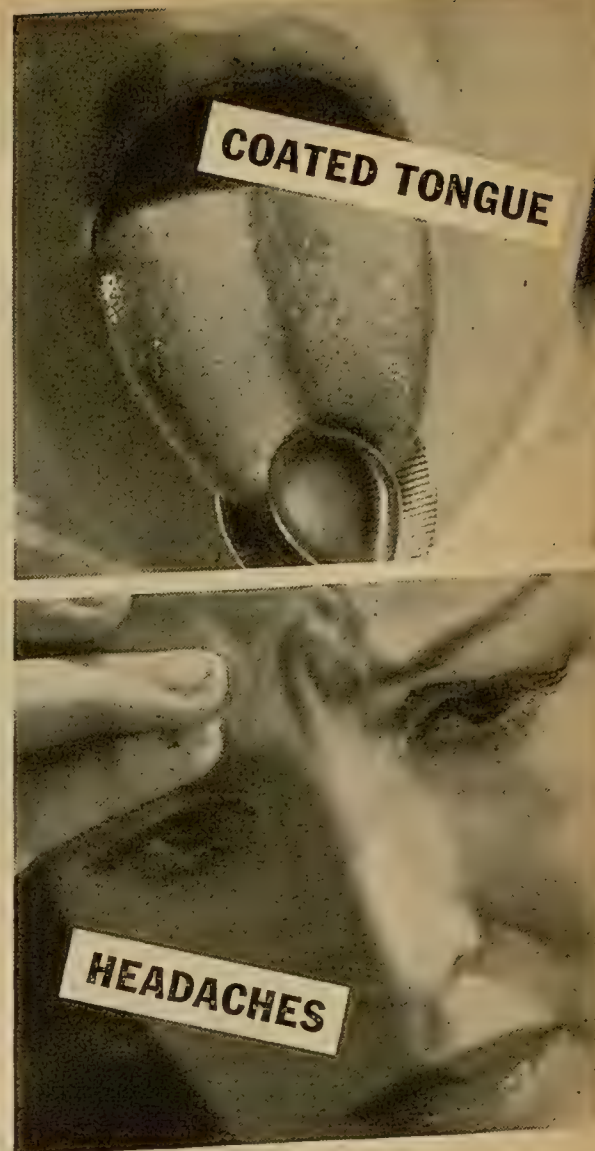
By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **NIJINSKY** by his wife, Romola Nijinsky. Simon & Schuster. The biography of the greatest dancer of modern times, simply, dramatically, and well told by his wife, who took him from the arms of a man, only to lose him to a crueller master.

★★★ **THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN** by Stuart Palmer. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Spinster, school-teacher, Hildegard Withers embarks on a vacation trip to England—and lands squarely among a flock of murders to which there are no clues. A Crime Club selection.

★★★ **THE BEGONIA BED** by Elizabeth Kyle. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. A frivolous selfish flirt of a mother, a false friend, and the unhappy effect on a devoted daughter.

★★★ **MERCHANTS OF DEATH** by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. Dodd, Mead & Co. An exposé of those who sell weapons and thus provoke war. An eloquent, partisan, and revealing brief against the munition kings—but only a partial diagnosis of the causes of war.



"Laxatives weakened her dangerously"



reports
DR. ECKHART,
the noted Vienna
clinic head

"M. J., a young woman of 26," reports Dr. Friedrich Eckhart, head of a great internal clinic in

Vienna's largest free hospital, "for years had headaches, indigestion, biliousness.

"She avoided social activity. Was under normal weight. Had little strength. Cathartics had weakened her—dangerously.

"I instructed her to eat yeast. A month of it gave remarkable results. She seemed completely healthy again."

Thus her different troubles were corrected . . . all because yeast stimulates stomach juices, strengthens intestines, softens waste.

Won't you eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—for at least 30 days? You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, D and G. Get some today!



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Spare the Rod

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Aloysius Szymanski was in the fourth grade in a South Side public school in Milwaukee, he went home and said he was going to be a professional baseball player.

Szymanski père turned Aloysius over his knees and went to work.

"Now, young man," he suggested when he had finished the stropping, "do you like the butcher business better than baseball as a career or not?"

"No, I don't," responded Szymanski junior. "I still say I'm going to be a ball player."

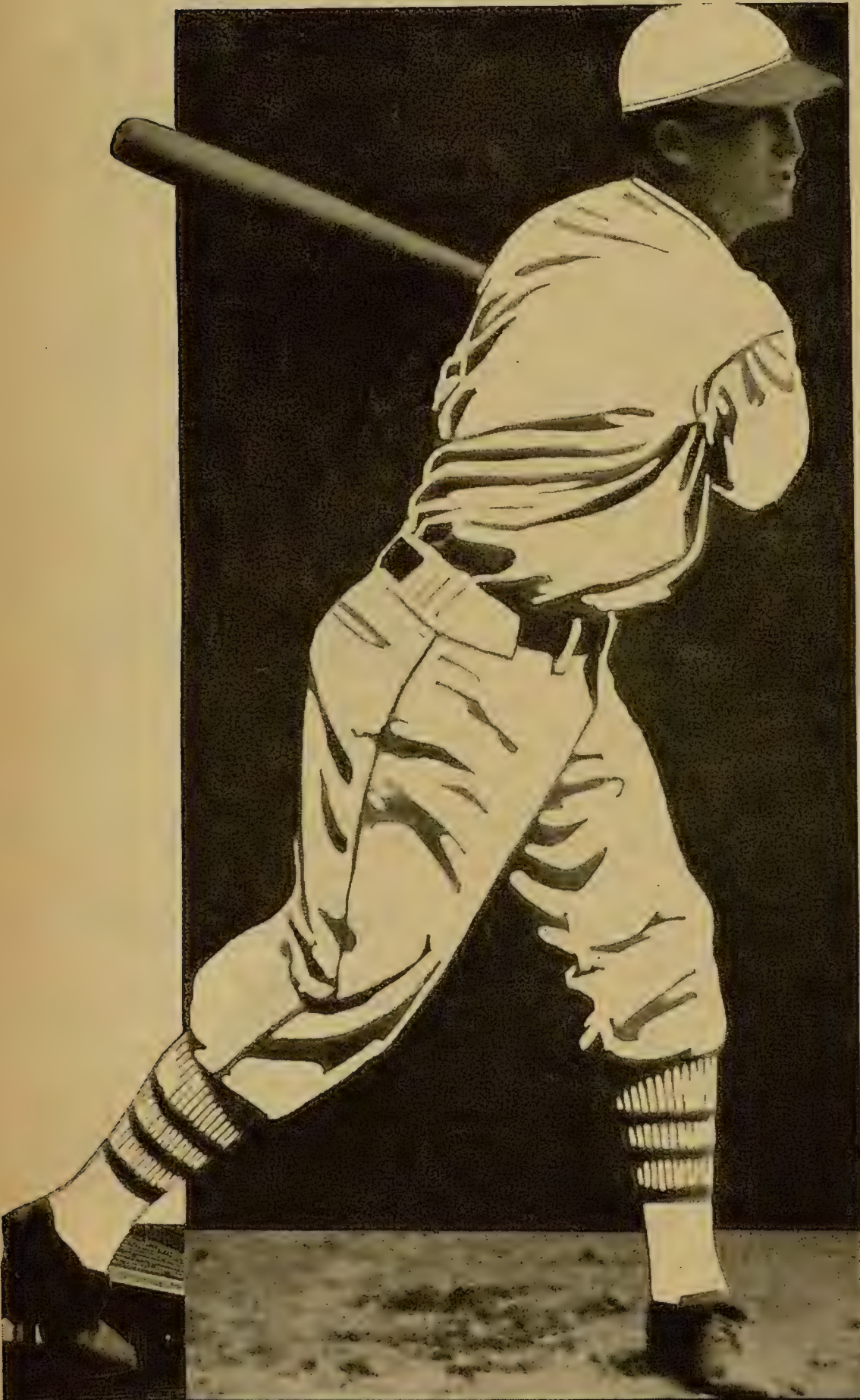
Szymanski père reflected gravely for a moment. Then he said: "All right. If you want to be a ball player that badly, go ahead. But I'm telling you that you'd better be a good one!"

Whether it was the spur of that strop or not, there are few who follow baseball today who will not admit that a young man named Al Simmons, now approaching his thirtieth birthday and his tenth season as a major-league baseball player, is a rattling good one.

Simmons is a little too contemporary for his own good. His might has been overshadowed by the might of the one and only Babe Ruth. Although he has a flair for color and drama, he scarcely equals Ruth in that.

They built a ball park for Ruth. That is, Colonel Ruppert and Colonel Huston built a ball park for Ruth. That was because they needed a ball park, and so long as they were building one they made the right-field fence ridiculously

The White Sox Park at Chicago in which the home plate was moved fourteen feet nearer the center-field flagpole — which made the difference between Al Simmons poling out long easy flies and collecting home runs.



and Spoil a Star

Consider the Case of a Boy Who Was Larruped Because He Wanted to Be a Ball Player—Now They've Rebuilt a Big-League Field to Fit Him!

**by DICK
WILLIAMS**

short at the spot where the Babe dumps his home runs.

The Chicago White Sox didn't need a ball park when they got Al Simmons a year ago. They already had the finest baseball plant in America. But Simmons came and he didn't find it easy to pump home runs out of that roomy amphitheater. Balls that had gone for four-base hits in Philadelphia dropped into the hands of eager outfielders.

Down in the Sox offices there was rebellion. The dollars weren't rolling in at the turnstiles. Simmons wasn't hitting home runs.

The Sox didn't need a new ball park, but they needed a Simmons hitting .375, with half a hundred or so home runs yearly. Ostensibly Al needed some help of an architectural nature. But how to give it to him?

To raze the fences and move them in, entailing the moving in of the stands, would cost a great deal of money. Also it would disturb the symmetry of the ball park. Now, the White Sox owners were backward about laying an impious finger upon something which Charles A. Comiskey himself had wrought.

The game of baseball holds no legend more sacred than the saga of Charles A. Comiskey. A relatively improvident youth, he began playing baseball when ball players' salaries were comparable to motormen's and chicken pluckers'. He saved his money and put an American League team in Chicago. He struggled through the black years, saved more money, managed wisely, won pennants and world championships, and built Comiskey Field, a monument to his years of toil and frugality.

When the old man died, he died with the last wish that his beloved Comiskey Field be left forever undisturbed



"Young man," suggested Szymanski, "do you like the butcher business better than baseball?"

CARTOON BY H. R. MCBRIDE

so long as it was to be used as a baseball ground. That wish laid heavy upon his son Louis, his heir.

But then hard-headed business men sat down and looked Louis Comiskey in the eye. "We've invested a fortune in Simmons," they said. "He's got to bring us a return. The only way he can do it is by reducing the size of the playing field."

"We'll move the home plate nearer to the center-field flagpole," Lou finally agreed. "We'll move it enough so that we will pick up fourteen feet in left and right fields. Fourteen feet will mean the difference between a lot of home runs and a lot of fly balls."

Landscape gardeners and other artisans began to tear up the perfect infield surface. They moved the home plate out toward what had been second base, dug up the sod and transferred it. They raked it down and rolled it. They had rebuilt Comiskey Field for the kid who'd been stropped for even wanting to be a ball player!

WHILE Al Simmons's flair for the spotlight is not as highly developed as that of Babe Ruth, he receives no less fan mail than even the great Babe. The reason is rather simple. Never has Ruth been the target of a great deal of pink-bound and scented mail. His mail consisted, in the main, of pathetic letters from small boys or blustering missives from grown-up crackpots.

On the other hand, Simmons is the wimmen's delight. Tall, broad-shouldered, relaxed at all times, a little swash-buckling, with finely molded features and keen steady brown eyes, he's handsome in his uniform or out of it.

Time was when Al Simmons had an incentive besides the normal incentive of a mentally healthy youth. He had met in Philadelphia a handsome girl of fine family. Hers was one of Philadelphia's older and better-blooded families.

The child fell in love with Simmons. Strangely enough, she'd never seen him play baseball in her life. She didn't see him play until after they'd become more or less engaged to marry.



Simmons was a happy, contented youth. He went out and came within a point of winning the American League batting championship by way of showing his delight and pride.

Then came one of those tragedies that warp the destinies of men of greater emotional restraint than Al Simmons. Somewhere out of a past for which he could have no responsibility came a challenge, grisly and compelling, to the fairness and manhood of Al Simmons. None knows exactly what it was; the boy kept his own counsel and his secret between himself and his fiancée.

Whatever it was, the engagement was broken.

They said it was discontent with salary matters, with the new magnificence of Jimmy Foxx, his home-run-hitting teammate, that caused Al Simmons's batting average to drop from .390 in 1931 to .322 in 1932. But wise, gentle old Connie Mack knew better. That's why he was able, although he was genuinely fond of the youth, to send Al Simmons away from the scene that had brought him heartbreak in the midst of exalted happiness.

It was around 1921, when Al Simmons was eighteen, that he began bombarding Connie Mack with letters telling, modestly, of his own prowess as a baseball player. He kept this up through 1922 while playing on the sand lots of Milwaukee. It was at about this time that I first saw him. He came down to look for a job with a semipro team that I had organized. He appeared one day for practice, took a few wild haphazard swings, with his left foot almost in my managerial lap every time he swung, and then disappeared.

I didn't hear of him again until I heard that he had been given a tryout with the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association.

He didn't last his first season through. Instead he went to the Texas League. They had trouble convincing themselves there that anybody who slapped at a baseball with his foot at right angles with the nearest exit could hit.

But he hit. He hit everything. He hit something like .380, and Milwaukee took him back.

It was at about this time that a scout from Connie Mack arrived in Milwaukee. He went to see the late Otto Borchert, a picturesque rough-and-ready magnate of the old school who owned the Brewers at the time. He asked Borchert if Simmons was to play that day.

"Do you want you should buy him, a'ready?" queried Borchert.

"If he shows me anything, I'll give you a check to-night," said the scout.

"In dot gase, he blays," Borchert announced. He went out on to the field and signaled his manager, then Simmons. "Simmons blays today," he said with finality. "Poy, where iss it you should play best?"

WHERE did he play best? Mr. Simmons was flabbergasted. He didn't precisely know, aside from the fact that he was an outfielder, just where he did play best. But something Machiavellian entered his young mind. Out in left field was Paul Johnson. Mr. Johnson and young Mr. Simmons were not—to say the least—bosom friends. Simmons's decision was formulated immediately. With a twinkle in his eye he pointed to left field. "That's my best spot," he said. "I'd like to play there."

He played there. That night the Milwaukee club had a check for \$50,000 for his services.

That strange batting stance of Simmons's always has been a trial and a tribulation. It has brought him precariously near destruction more than once.

He played his first game in Louisville when he was with Milwaukee. Ben Tincup, a wily Indian pitcher, was working for Louisville.

The first time up, he brushed Simmons with a fast ball. The second one plunked into the rookie's ribs. The next time up, Simmons caught the ball on his sliding pads.

"Say, that guy's wild," he said as he got back to his own bench.

Simmons went up to hit again. A ball sailed at his ears. He ducked it. Another came in the same general direction. He stepped back suddenly, whipped his bat around, and lined a single over first base. Tincup looked

at him in amazement, then shook his head and confided to Ben Meyer, his catcher:

"That guy can keep his foot in the water bucket so far as I'm concerned. Why, the next thing I know he'll knock one of them dusters right down my throat."

Despite the guffaws that greeted the rookie when he appeared with the A's in the spring of 1924 and proceeded to swing in his usual strange way, Connie Mack kept him in the game, and when the season ended, the unconscionably awkward cub from Milwaukee's Polish South Side had hit .308.

Articles like this are not concerned with the dry academic feats of men like Al Simmons. Those who follow baseball know too well that he has a lifetime major-league batting average of over .350. They know that even the great Ruth and the mighty Gehrig and the amazing Foxx haven't better runs-batted-in averages than he.

They know, too, that only these three sluggers are superior to him in home-run-hitting ability, and that none of the three is his equal today as an all-round ball player.

THEY say that the 1930 World's Series was his best. Perhaps it was. He batted .364, eight hits out of twenty-two times at bat being his contribution to Connie Mack's second consecutive World Championship.

I, however, like to think of the high point of his World's Series as that final game of the 1929 series. That was the game in which Charley Root of the Cubs went into the eighth inning with an eight-to-nothing lead.

Simmons came to bat first in the eighth. Root eyed him keenly, a bit supercilious in his regard. He pitched, and a fast ball split the plate. He pitched again—a ball. Root pitched again, a little outside, a fast-breaking curve ball.

Simmons turned—his left foot snapped back toward the bench. The bat cracked sharply against the ball, which crashed into the left-field stands—a clean home run.

The Cubs didn't halt that rally until seven runs had been scored. Then Mule Haas tied it with a home run over the right-field fence, and Bing Miller ended the game and the championship struggle with a two-base hit with a man on in the final inning. But it was Simmons's home run that broke Root and the Cubs. Even Root admitted that. "What's the use of pitching to a guy like that?" he complained. "The worse he looks, the better he looks."

Now, at thirty, Simmons is in new fields, with the odium of a comeback overshadowing him. Young as ball players go, vigorous, a natural ball player, his best years as a hitter should be ahead of him.

Still, they remade a ball park that had been as sacred in baseball as the bones of Henry Chadwick himself, that he might regain the heights. Why? Clicking turnstiles, of course. But beyond the desire for clicking turnstiles was another facet.

The White Sox had a new dilemma. Over on the North Side of Chicago, where dwell the rival Cubs of the National League, money bags had been stretched and \$100,000 net had been paid for one Chuck Klein, long the National League's Nemesis to Al Simmons.

The Cubs had brought Klein on from Philadelphia, where he vied with Simmons for popularity, for the 1934 season. Klein had led the National League in hitting, in home runs, in almost every department of offensive play and much of the defensive phase. He was the National League's greatest star.

Moreover, he'd be even bigger in Chicago. The Cubs and their high-powered publicity staff would see to that. Something had to be done to bring Al Simmons back to the peak his ability warranted, to bring him back to his glory of the last decade.

Alter Comiskey Field? Not for the Fonsecas or the Shires or the Jolleys or any of that motley crew. But for a Simmons—with a Chuck Klein ready to steal his thunder over on the North Side? And to muscle in on the customers' dollars? Well, that was different!

Still, it takes a rattling good ball player to have what virtually amounts to a shrine remade for his peculiar benefit, dollars or no dollars.

THE END

Housekeeping at the White House

READING TIME
4 MINUTES
30 SECONDS

*A Behind-the-Scenes Glimpse
of a Difficult Job and the
Quiet Lady Who Performs It*

by
ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

THERE'S one woman doing a grand job in Washington today. And it's a job that I don't covet! Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt is the official housekeeper for the White House. Like most executives, she finds that the eight-hour day does not apply in her case!

How would you like to be responsible for a household which may have five for dinner one night and a hundred and five the next? Where as many as fifteen hundred guests are entertained at one time? Where meals must be served exactly on the second? And there must be no awkward pause between the salad and the dessert! How would you like to feel that a dinner you were supervising might be quoted as typical of a whole country's hospitality by an ambassador or a premier?

Mrs. Nesbitt has one of the offices along the colonnaded walk connecting the main part of the White House with the executive offices. A cheerful greeting, accompanied by a humorous twinkle, awaits any one who calls out "Hello" to her in passing by. She is quiet, middle-aged, very earnest; and has the gift of being able to accomplish a great deal without the use of many words.

I've noticed all these months that the White House functions smoothly in every detail. And this doesn't just happen! Much of it is due to Mrs. Nesbitt. I decided the other day to interview her for Liberty.

"Mrs. Nesbitt, for what are you actually responsible in the management of the White House?"

"Well," she began, "I supervise all the buying. I make out all the menus and go over every recipe. Of course I have charge of all the housekeeping. I keep track of all the laundry and—oh, that reminds me! Do you know what happened last night?"

"You mean at the big formal dinner?" I asked.

"Yes. I was taking a last-minute look at the dinner table. My eye fell on a napkin which was very badly ironed. The monogram was all wrinkled. And I was horrified to see that it was at a lady's place. There wasn't time to get another, so I just switched it to a gentleman's place. You know, he'd be much less apt to notice."

"Do you stay on duty for all entertainments?"

"For all the big ones. I'd be uneasy if I went home."

"What kind of emergencies happen?"

"Well, two or three weeks ago, at another large dinner, I had asked the cook to try out one of my pet recipes for a sauce for fish. As always, I went into the kitchen to taste it. Something had gone wrong somewhere and it wasn't fit to serve. So the cook and I together made up an emergency sauce. It was served on time, and I noticed, when the plates came back to the pantry, that it had apparently been appreciated."

We were interrupted by a boy arriving with a tremendous package. It turned out to be most of a mountain

sheep which had been sent as a gift.

"That's another thing I do," Mrs. Nesbitt said. "I receive all the food gifts sent to the White House. And there are lots of them. I list every gift of this sort and send the cards upstairs to your

mother and father. You know, I've learned a lot in this job. I never had a chance to cook a mountain sheep before!"

"How do you organize your day so as to get all this done?"

"Oh, I have a regular routine. Otherwise I'd never get anything finished. The first thing in the morning I take my menus for the day to the head cook and butler and we work out the lists of supplies which are needed. I telephone the stores for these supplies. Then I go to see your mother. She may have suggestions to make for the menus, and she tells me if there are any changes in the number of guests expected for meals. She also gives me a list of guests spending the night. When I leave her, I see that the guest rooms are prepared. Of course, all the rooms in the White

House have to be looked over, and I make these rounds next. Then I go back to my office and I check up to see that all the supplies for the day have been delivered."

"Most of the day must be gone by now," I told her.

"Oh, no. It's barely lunch time. And I have probably had to make several more visits to the kitchen."

"What do you do after lunch?"

"You'd be surprised how many people come to see me—salesmen for linen and all types of furnishings; cleaners who want to take charge of our big house cleanings. I interview these people and make out orders for household needs. Then I get to work on my accounts. This is run like a business. We keep track of every penny we spend."

"**W**HAT do you like about your work most?" I asked her.

She was silent for a few seconds, and then answered:

"Some people like to play leading rôles, but I like to be stage manager. I love the thought of running the activities in the White House so smoothly that no one is even aware of them. And I can always count on the unexpected happening." She chuckled.

"What's the joke?" I asked her.

"Your mother suddenly called me upstairs the other day. She told me she had noticed a shortage of napkins at tea, and asked me what was the matter. I had to explain that we seemed to have had a good many souvenir hunters in the White House lately. We had missed quite a few teaspoons, too. I'd already ordered some ten-cent teaspoons and napkins so that we'd have enough, but they had not as yet arrived."

The telephone rang. A canary bird had arrived at the White House. Please, Mrs. Nesbitt, where should this songster be put and was there any birdseed in the house? My interview was at an end!

THE END



Underwood & Underwood photo

Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt



It's ANOTHER \$250 CASH PRIZE LIMERICK THIS WEEK

THIS week Liberty's unfinished contest Limerick calls for your idea of what happened to Sam Careful. As the Limerick points out, he was well aware of the disaster that lurks in explosives. What happened? Did a firecracker go off in his hand? Did a rocket find him its target? Did a balloon set fire to his roof? Was he careless in contradiction of his name, or was some one else at fault? There are any number of last-line situations for you

to play with. And there are sixty-four prizes to be won. Your chance to capture one of them is excellent if you send in an entry. Read the rules over before you start and then set down a last line that will make a complete story of the Limerick. Send in several varied endings if you wish, but remember that no contestant can win more than one award this week. Note that your entry must be in the mails by midnight July 7.

TO WIN, WRITE YOUR OWN LAST LINE FOR THIS LIMERICK



Sam Careful was first to decry
The dangers of Fourth of July.
Yet ere that day sped,
With regret be it said—

.....
(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below

.....
All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, July 7. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in about seven weeks.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$50
SECOND PRIZE.....	25
THIRD PRIZE.....	15
FOURTH PRIZE.....	10
TEN PRIZES, EACH \$5.....	50
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH \$2.....	100
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY.....	\$250

THE RULES

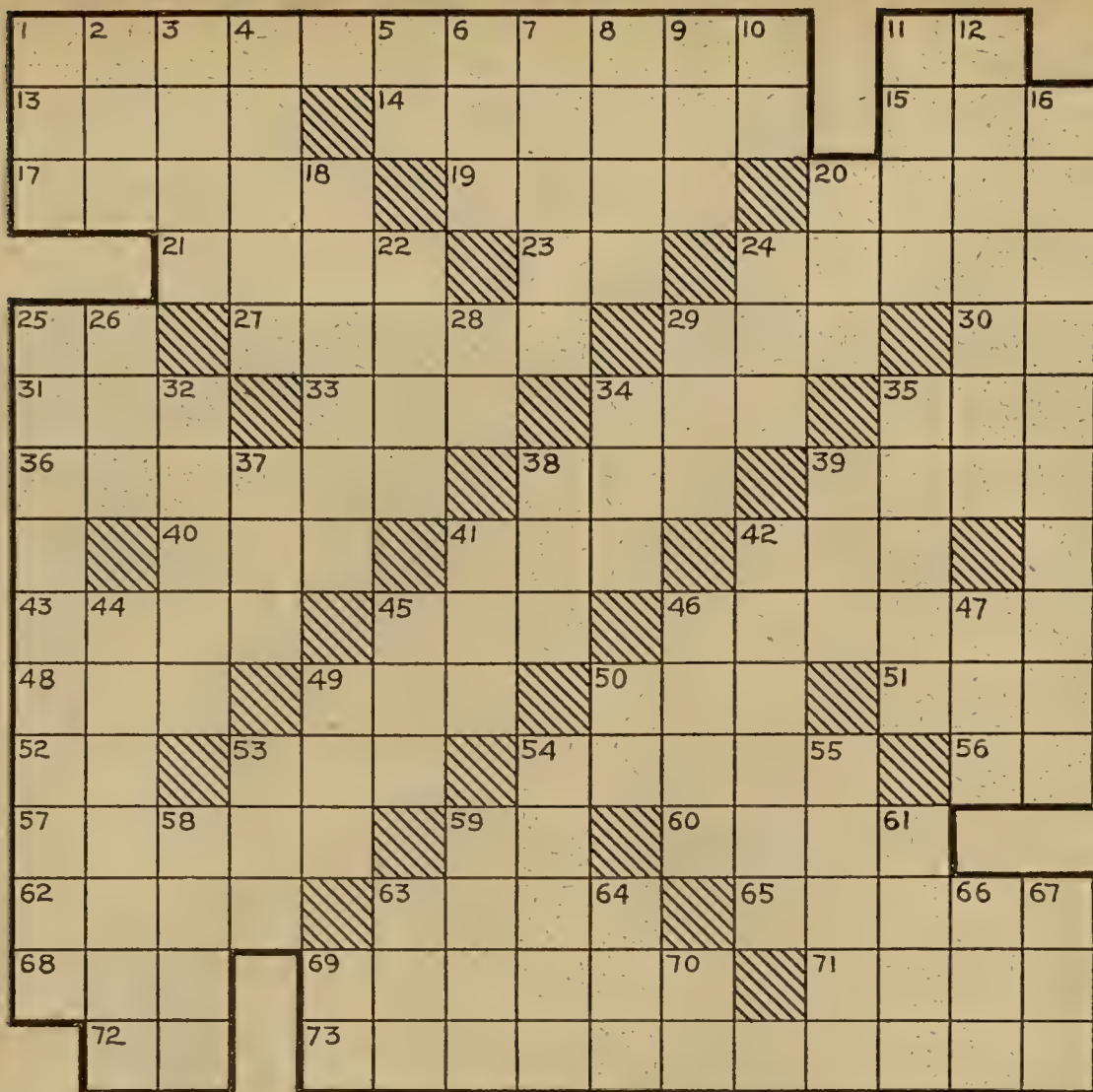
Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, \$50 will be paid; for the next best, \$25; for the third, \$15; for the fourth best, \$10; for the next ten, \$5 each; and for the fifty next best, \$2 each. Any one, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

ANOTHER \$250 UNFINISHED LIMERICK NEXT WEEK

Cockeyed Cross Words



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A disturber of the peace over the Fourth
- 11 English congressman (abbr.)
- 13 A good-looking colored pupil
- 14 Bangs away
- 15 A fellow with a bump between his shoulders
- 17 Wedding announcements
- 19 What the wise young man never does for a kiss—he takes it
- 20 Mr. Kari's first name
- 21 Low down
- 23 The front and the rear of a tomato
- 24 The kind of insanity spooners suffer from
- 25 A man ma is much attached to
- 27 Ritzes
- 29 Land-going hack
- 30 Gin Eater (abbr.)
- 31 Possessive pronoun
- 33 This will turn your Fourth of July into a big blow-out
- 34 Here's the dirt!
- 35 A chap you love to hate
- 36 Jersey city
- 38 What they use to make kittens' breeches
- 39 Where American knight-hood is in flour (abbr.)
- 40 The number of kisses that satisfy
- 41 Cig
- 42 Alexander's Old Foot (abbr.)
- 43 Johnny's pet word for isn't
- 45 Alive and kicking off high hats
- 46 Grand opera's favorite son
- 48 Tea time (plural)
- 49 Take this where you find it
- 50 How to start reorganizing
- 51 Egg plant
- 52 This is just full of peas
- 53 A crush
- 51 Burns, and we don't mean Allen, but Roebuck
- 56 You can fill this with ease
- 57 "— speaking!"
- 59 The Fourth starts this way
- 60 What the angry girl put her garters on with

BRIDE	DEGROOM	SCAR
LINING	GAS	HALO
ASKED	ARKS	INTO
BEST	ODES	ANTES
	SAVES	EGG
ATE	MEN	SAGA
POLE	NOSTRILS	SV
POKER	LIKE	ETHEL
L	SKI	DING
ET	SPAS	CAB
SIS	EM	TIMES
ASTER	TILE	ODOR
USER	SEAS	ABIDE
CUER	OAR	CREEDS
EELS	BRAIN	TRUST

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 62 Big times
- 63 When Greek meets Greek this is what they open
- 65 A get-together of hoofers on the farm
- 68 Paradise of the Big Bad Wolf
- 69 A Wilde man of literature
- 71 One of the world's best known poets
- 72 Ocean dachshund (abbr.)
- 73 What Mussolini has on his dinner table on the Fourth (two words)

VERTICAL

- 1 A little whopper
- 2 Man's name (he sounds angry)
- 3 This is a skinny thing, yet there's a peel to it
- 4 They were to the manor born
- 5 If you get 10 vertical you've got this
- 6 A dirty laugh
- 7 If we reckoned these first maybe there'd be no war
- 8 The Mikado's right-hand man
- 9 Ear Twitchers' Society (abbr.)
- 10 Royal Slingshooters (abbr.)
- 11 What a pain in the neck may make you do
- 12 What the perfect husband would be—if you could find one
- 16 The alarm kept ringing for this on the Fourth (two words)
- 18 His business is watching and waiting
- 20 Would you call Boston this kind of city?
- 22 The kind of business Chinese do on the Fourth
- 24 A youth's companion
- 25 Al Capone's favorite fruit
- 26 Decorated the interior
- 28 Front and aft of boat
- 29 Just plain dawg
- 32 Lohengrin's geegee (plural)
- 34 Puss
- 35 What comes after the Fourth of July
- 37 The smallest picnicker in the world
- 38 What the poets call a fairy
- 39 A low in farm stock
- 41 A new-style dance frock that's a revelation
- 42 These nuts are made of oak
- 44 What European exports become in this country
- 45 What gangsters' babies teethe on
- 46 Places where you know where your next meal is coming from
- 47 These have socks appeal
- 49 Kelly in Cairo
- 50 Two thirds red
- 53 What a girl means when she says "no"
- 54 Here's where you find the capital of Bulgaria
- 55 He leads a hellish life
- 58 Heads a family
- 59 A man sells this to make enough money to go to the city to make enough money to go back to it
- 61 This is round, all wet, and always full of little boys
- 63 Bill's loving partner
- 64 Early American Nincompoops (abbr.)
- 66 Where freshmen go (abbr.)
- 67 You could make this knees with ease
- 69 This guy buries his mistakes (abbr.)
- 70 This lies between Va. and S. C.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ADD 50%

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... Moisture seeps in, rots fabric, hole gets larger, blow-outs result.

Look for service stations and repair shops displaying this sign . . .



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BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
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From Hollywood . . .

by PRINCESS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE,

THE girls love Clark Gable for his sex appeal, yet he impressed me as being more of a grown-up Boy Scout than a ladies' man.

His rough and impudent flirtatiousness, so endearing on the screen, is not in him as a private citizen. You know the way he hunches his shoulders when he kisses a woman in a love scene? All his feminine fans get a kick out of that. I asked him if he does it on purpose, if it is a calculated effect—and he actually blushed at my question!

That was the only blush I saw in Hollywood.

Perhaps it isn't quite fair of me to describe him as Boy Scoutish. It may be more correct to say he delights in all the performances of outdoor life. On hunting trips he wears long woolen underwear and eats flapjacks. He's an expert at the griddle—very proud of his skill as a hot-cake tosser.

"Make 'em thick," he told me, "and cook 'em brown. That's the secret."

He's no spendthrift. Mrs. Gable takes care of the family finance.

Mr. Gable is shy by nature, rather sulky at times, admires nice neat girls, is no beauty worshiper.

He never reads his fan mail.

HERE is a strip of real-life film that you won't see at your neighborhood theater:

Winfield Sheehan, exalted satrap of the Fox lot, stands puffing absent-mindedly on his cigar while he watches the progress of a picture. Up to him tiptoes the meekest man in Hollywood.

"Excuse me—" the meek one whispers.

Czar Sheehan turns to blast him for interrupting. But he points at the Sheehan cigar. "You're fined," he announces timidly. "Thirty dollars, please." And Mr. Sheehan, looking pretty sheepish, pays the fine without a murmur.

One of these meek individuals is to be found on every picture lot. They are a kind of plain-clothes man employed by the insurance companies to enforce rules against smoking. No one is allowed to smoke amid the highly inflammable stuff that movies are made of. Yet everybody does. The poor smoke detectives lead a worried existence.

If fire breaks out they get blamed. So they fine every smoker they catch, no matter how important. The fines run from five to thirty dollars—thirty for incorrigible offenders.

FROM all over the country veteran makers of high-grade shoes retire to California for the sake of the climate. They still do a spot of shoemaking on the side to eke out their retirement incomes. Within the last year or so they have specialized in a new type of footwear.

I refer to the low-heeled, square-toed shoes made of perforated suède and known in Hollywood as *official slacks*.

These are worn now on every picture lot by stars, directors, cameramen, assorted officials. Constance Bennett has fourteen pairs in as many colors. After one day of studio tramping I took to the easeful slacks with a gasp of relief.



• Clark Gable, says Princess Kropotkin, displayed the only blush she saw in Hollywood. She had asked him about his habit of hunching his shoulders in kissing scenes.

COSTUMES for a recent picture were cut with the armholes so tight nobody could budge an arm. The wardrobe department estimated twenty cents a garment for alterations—just a few dollars in all—but such was the multitude of higher-ups who had to O. K. the order that those armholes cost the studio around \$1,000 in squandered time. . . . After the completion of a picture with a famous English actor, it was found that added shots of his hands were needed. Scouts went ransacking Hollywood for some one with hands like his. He wanted his own hands used, offered the extra work

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

for nothing, but studio officialdom wouldn't let him do it because his contract had expired.

Red tape costs Hollywood more than plenty. The place is overrun with busy little bureaucrats, and they can think up useless regulations as fast as any Russian commissar. I call it the *Kremlin complex*. Hollywood has a bad case of it.

MORE Hollywood quickies:

In Myrna Loy's dressing room the only Oriental decorations are a small jade ash tray and her own almond eyes. . . . Ketti Gallian taking a holiday from her interminable English lessons to chatter French with me. . . . Screen monster Boris Karloff surrounded by children as he lunches benignly at the Brown Derby. . . . Diana Wynyard, raised on British beef and Yorkshire pudding, now munching her daily ration of raw vegetables in the American manner. . . . Harold Lloyd in his private *thinking garden* where only narcissus and violas grow. There he sits on a marble bench—and ponders.

PRIVACY, says Ellen Shipman, should be the first virtue of your garden. Your garden should have patterns of sunlight and shade. Your garden should be planned as carefully as your house.

Miss Shipman is one of the foremost landscape architects in America. I asked her particularly to tell me about small gardens—the only kind that most of us can afford.

"Use the trees and shrubs that are native to your locality," she said. "Then your garden will be harmonious with the surrounding countryside.

Pick out whatever seems to be the best feature of your garden—it may be a tree, a hillock, or a fine view of the distant horizon. Draw a line from that point to your house. And always keep that garden spot open to sight from your windows or veranda."

Do not clutter a small garden with statuary or many shrubs. But hedges are essential for privacy, in her opinion. For hedges she recommends Persian lilac, Armour privet (hardier than California privet), or beech, if you can get it. Garden pools can be made cheaply with local stone, she advises, and the Department of Agriculture at Washington will send a pamphlet with full instructions. In fact, she added, the Agriculture Department puts out booklets that tell almost everything there is to know about small gardens.

I asked Ellen Shipman what plants are her favorites for small-garden development. "The lace vine as a perennial," she said: "and for an annual, the morning-glory."

THE friendship of her eighteen-year-old girl with a woman of worldlier years is worrying a mother

of my acquaintance. "The older woman is cynical," this agitated parent complains. "I want my daughter to keep all her illusions as long as she can."

Oscar Wilde once defined a cynic as some one who "knows the price of all things and the value of none."

The influence of such a person may be bad, I agree. But I think also that too many sentimental illusions in youth are sure to bring us to cynicism in later life, as our young dreams clash with reality.

There is certainly such a thing as excess in youthful make-believe, and the awakening therefrom may be less painful if aided by friendship with some more worldly person.

FOREHEADS are important again with the revival of off-the-face hats. An Oriental lady of great distinction gave me these hints for developing the *beautiful brow of wisdom*, which is so much admired in the Far East.

Massage your forehead gently with your finger tips, using a rotary motion. Work *away* from the bridge of the nose. A light face cream is best. Then start from the cheekbones and with the same rotary motion work upward over the temples. Do not use astringents on your forehead.

"And be calm," says my Oriental friend. Whenever you can do so, lie down for an hour. Lie perfectly still. Keep your mind absolutely blank if you can. This comes easier to some people than to others.

DON'T fail to read the best-selling novel from Soviet Russia—a really splendid story. It is called *And Quiet Flows the Don*. Written by Mikhail Sholokhov. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)



HERE are those pork tenderloins I promised you last week. The recipe comes, as you may remember, from Mr. Caan Toon, who makes Chinese magic in the Hollywood kitchen of Director and Mrs. Richard Boleslavsky.

Toon tells me the kings and queens of old China relished this delicacy. He says the President of the Chinese Republic eats it "five times every moon."

Toon makes it like this:

He allows 1 small fresh tenderloin for each person. Trims the ends, leaving a small border of fat. Lards the meat with bits of fat. Dusts with salt and pepper. Rubs garlic and *green* ginger root lightly into the meat. Then rubs carefully with honey. Sprinkles on a few drops of soy sauce. Lets stand 5 minutes in a cold place.

Now, with skewers, he hangs each tenderloin from the wire rack in the oven. Puts a pan underneath for dripping. Turns oven to 500 degrees for 5 minutes, then to 350 degrees for 30 minutes. "Serve with fried pineapple rings," Toon instructs us, "and listen for compliments."

Bright Girl

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

K

AY BRONSON, nineteen and beautiful, has accepted the proposal of Dr. David Carson, handsome young New York surgeon, that she take a little apartment.

He is to finance it, but she insists that she will pay him back when she gets into her stride as an author.

Kay has known the doctor a year. She met him when she got a job as governess for his little nephew, four-year-old Robbie Gordon. This contact warmed into friendship, then secret love, and in a night club one evening Kay told David a part of her past. She said her father died when she was fourteen and her mother then married Leonard Walters.

She described how she first studied to become a school-teacher, then, at seventeen, married Billy Warren, a drug clerk in the Mid-Western city where she lived. But Billy was unfaithful after eleven months of marriage, she said, and she quit him and came to New York to make her own way.

However, Kay did not tell David that her father was wealthy and brilliant, and that her childhood had been spent in an environment of culture and luxury far different from the life of a governess. Neither did she tell him of Jimmy Kerr, her first childhood sweetheart who kissed her and told her she was pretty. She left David to draw his own conclusions about her family, and he pictured it as of modest origin into which a wise-cracking, uneducated drug clerk of Billy's type might naturally fit. In his turn, David told Kay that he was raised in the poorer section of east Harlem, New York, and had to fight his way up to where he now is. And thus the two understand each other when Kay quits her job, telling Mrs. Gordon she is to be married, and after an affectionate parting from little Robbie, whom she dearly loves, goes away to furnish the little apartment.

One of her first purchases is a little red book into which she plans to jot down every penny of David's money that she spends.

He said, "Kay, boys discussing a cheap girl have a line they use in kidding. They say, 'How would you like to bring her home to mother?'"



Continuing a Brilliant
Novel of Today...The Story
of a Heroine Who Was
Man-Crazy

by
V I Ñ A
D E L M A R

PART SIX—HIDDEN THOUGHTS AND
HIDDEN DREAMS

KAY had never furnished so much as a room before. She had not been consulted on the furnishings for the cottage, as it had been in the nature of a surprise. Each time her room at home had been redone it had been a present, and therefore Mama had secretly arranged for everything.

But now she had three whole rooms with which to do as she pleased. Really two rooms, for you wouldn't count a kitchen, but it was fun to select canary-colored ice-box bowls and gingham curtains and linoleum.

The bedroom and the living room were a joy. Her purchases had to be reasonably priced, for David had so little money, and besides, she must figure on paying him back some day. So she went to auctions and secondhand shops and piece by piece gathered the furnishings for her home. Only for the kitchen had she yielded to the lure of cheap bright-colored gewgaws. Her other two rooms were solid and rich-looking. Only the kitchen had a vulgar soul.

David had seen a bedroom in the window of a furniture store. The furniture was blue, but the rugs, drapes, and bed coverings were rose-pink. The pictures on the make-believe walls were framed in deep-blue mats and frames. He said it was a beautiful room and wanted her to go look at it, but she shook her head.

"Why not? It's pretty, dear. Blue and pink together may sound strange, but it looks lovely."

"I know, David. I once saw a blue-and-pink bedroom. I didn't like it."

"You'd like this."

"No. You see, I don't care for painted furniture, except for children's rooms, and even then it shouldn't be canary yellow."

He smiled at her. "I'm just catching on," he said.

"To what?"

"You're trying to tell me in a nice



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

David had picked up a book and was trying to appear politely disinterested in the message. But he was dying to know who had telegraphed and for what reason.



way that your taste is good and mine is bad. I guess you're right. I'm always a push-over for anything that's bright-colored and new-looking."

But he was amazed when he saw the home she made out of the dusty maple furniture and tarnished lamps and old chairs with ragged cushions. David was barred out of the apartment for a week. When he was allowed in again he only said, "It's lovely," because it seemed silly to say at once everything that he thought.

He had believed her foolish and unimaginative when she had demanded plain white walls of the landlord. Georgia—Mrs. Gordon—always selected beautiful wall paper that made the landlords scream at the price. He understood the white walls now. Kay's pictures in their narrow cherry-red frames looked well on the plain background. The crazy lamps glowed with cozy yellow light streaming from them. The place looked like a home.

And he thought again that she was different from other girls. This room had meant work, imagination, and knowledge. Her bedroom was as different from the admired pink-and-blue room as great music is different from the pianola brand. She had seen the beauty in neglected worn-out pieces of furniture that he would have called junk. Why could she do that? He remembered that Dr. Sterling's wife had furnished her house with things she had picked up here and there, and she was a real blue-blood.

All these things he thought as he looked at the tiny apartment.

"Do you really like it?" Kay asked him.

"Certainly I do. It's lovely. Did you ever study decorating?"

"No. Heavens, David, don't say it looks like that!"

"I thought that would be the height of compliments. I'm sorry."

"I want it to look like me, not like a decorator."

"Well, it doesn't look like you, darling. It looks like a sweet little old lady with loads of money and conservative tastes. She is a whimsical little thing with a sense of humor but a firm character."

Kay laughed. "The house looks like my soul, David. Don't let my giddy exterior fool you. That little old lady's my soul."

"Is it?" He walked over to where she stood and took her in his arms. "Kay, you don't know how much I love you and how happy I am when I'm near you."

"It's nice to be with you, David."

"YES, I know. It's nice, but it isn't anything you couldn't do without. What is it that makes you willing to give everything but the real you?"

"You have me, David."

"No. You have hidden thoughts and hidden dreams. I could forgive you for them except that they represent the hidden you."

"Don't you think things that you don't tell me?"

"Yes, but not because I suspect that you couldn't understand. The hidden you is different. It shies away because it considers me unworthy. I know, Kay. I'm not your Billy Warren. He saw nothing in you that he couldn't find in himself. You were a magnificent young animal full of life and desire. So was he. He could not conceive of any one whose nature was more involved than his."

"And I am involved?"

"You are sentimental, yet you try to hide that fact from me because you think I'm a cold young man who would laugh at your saving a cigar-store coupon because it was a gift from Robbie."

"You wouldn't laugh."

"But you thought I would, so you tried to hide the reason you saved it just as you try to hide everything else you think I wouldn't understand. I want to know you, Kay."

"I want to know myself, David."

He folded her in his arms and kissed her, for suddenly and reasonlessly he felt sorry for her. Except for him she was alone and she was very young. She was brave because she had never been frightened, and confident because she had never seen defeat. Poor little thing! So much could happen to her. He wanted to hold her forever safe in the little home which she had so joyously assembled.

It was two weeks before Kay was able to settle down to a sensible routine. There were so many small things that had to be done for the apartment. A picture for that space over the settee. A clock for the bedroom, a pancake turner, a wastebasket, a hamper, a bed light, an electric iron. A thousand trifles for the little place.

Carefully she marked in her little red-leather book every item that she purchased. It was important that she must know down to the last penny exactly what David had advanced her. At first he had laughed when she had spoken about paying him back, but he had gotten over laughing. He understood now that he must accept with genuine seriousness the figures in that little red book.

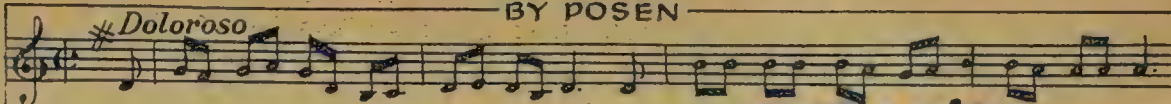
They represented her right to close him out of her home when she chose to stand upon her dignity as an independent woman. Without that right she would not stay.

HE was learning more about her every day. He knew now that she would not consider it vulgar to kiss the grocer's boy providing the grocer's boy appealed to her, but if after the kiss he dared to weigh seventeen ounces to her pound of butter she would slap him. It was her right to bestow a favor upon him, but he must not even dream that it lay within his power to give anything to her. The incident of kissing the grocer's boy could be vulgarized only by the subsequent behavior of the boy.

David recognized her viewpoint as the one which must have been always popular among noble ladies. How else could they apologize to themselves for indiscretions with soldiers, flunkies, and peasants? For Kay to have the same viewpoint was curious and interesting. Had she stated that this was her idea and proceeded to outline it from start to finish, he would have suspected she quoted it from some royal lady in a popular novel. But he himself had discovered by anecdotes of hers, sudden opinions, and careless words that this in truth was Kay's belief. And she a governess raised in a little Middle-Western town by hard-working people! Perhaps somewhere, hundreds of years ago, there had been a foolish Bronson maiden who had dallied with a nobleman, and his ideas were spoken now by a

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

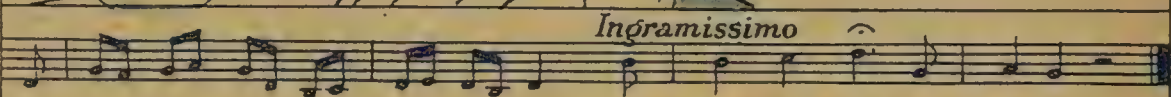
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governess in a little New York flat.

He said to her, "If you are certain that such actions do not make you common, why haven't you taken every man you desired?"

And she smiled at him. "I have. All except one who passed me on an evening when I was sitting in an automobile."

"I don't believe you."

"All right, then, I'll give you another reason. You start out to do something worth while, you meet a man, get interested in him, and presently you discover that you aren't doing the thing worth while at all."

But he did not answer, for he was occupied in studying her face. She looked as though she had just remembered something and regretted the remembering.

"David."

"Yes, dear, what's the matter?"

"Nothing." She laughed nervously. "Only I'm going to ask you to see that I keep working on my book."

"Of course you'll work on it. You have time now and it's fairly quiet here."

"I know, but I'm not to be trusted. I could have finished that book in the year I was with the Gordons. Why didn't I?"

"Because you had Robbie."

"I had my nights free. I could have worked, but I didn't, on account of you."

"So I interfered with the progress of American literature. Well, I shan't any more. Love's young dream was very young then. Now we're settled and the novelty has worn off, so you can work."

"I hope so."

She hired a colored maid to cook and clean and "live out." The woman was a good cook and silent to the point of sullenness. She took fifteen dollars a week and knew her employer as Mrs. Warren. She asked no questions and didn't expect to answer any.

Mrs. Gordon knew Kay now as Mrs. Warren, although she still addressed her as Miss Bronson. Kay wore her wedding ring on her visit to the Gordons and brought along a photograph of Billy that was signed, "Oceans of love to my little wife."

SHE hated herself for fooling them, but it was important that they be fooled. David was home so seldom now, and Kay trembled lest they date his prolonged absences from her departure. They could not hurt David but they could keep her from seeing Robbie.

Mrs. Gordon was most affable. She was glad that at last she and Kay could converse without her wondering whether or not such familiarity lowered her in Miss Bronson's eyes. She was Mrs. Warren now, and since you were going to have a cocktail yourself you could offer one to her.

"And what does your husband do for a living?"

"He's a pharmaceutical chemist's assistant."

"Oh, isn't that interesting!" Mrs. Gordon made a mental note that she

must ask David what that meant.

"It's interesting work," Kay allowed. She felt like saying, "And, Mrs. Gordon, what does *your* husband do for a living?"

David had answered her question concerning Mr. Gordon with a vague remark about him managing the business affairs of a very rich and prodigal stage star. It sounded so vague that Kay understood that David himself hadn't learned much about his sister's husband.

The visit was a pleasant one, though marred at the very end by Robbie's tears. She fell to her knees and gathered him to her, kissing away his tears and promising to return within a week.

MRS. GORDON whispered, "I'll get him interested in something and you can sneak out."

But Robbie and Kay hadn't done things that way. He had always been able to trust her as he trusted his Uncle David.

"I'm going now, Robbie. Good-by."

She waved to him from the door and he waved sadly back at her.

Kay went home, deeply thoughtful all the way. Suppose she wrote a book and it exceeded all expectations. What then? There was only a certain amount of happiness a person could gain and the wildest success didn't guarantee happiness. She had been happy at the Gordons', and she had set out from there without thinking that maybe never again would she be happy. She could have stayed and probably would have, except for David. He had smiled and kissed her and had said the right words. He had said, "I love you. You're beautiful!" and later he had grown even wiser and said, "Your book." So she had cut loose from Robbie and the greatest contentment she had known since Daddy died. Women were mad. All of them. Each on a different subject.

She wondered if every woman within her secret soul knew her own personal weakness. At least she knew hers. She was man-crazy.

There were friends now. David was neither proud nor ashamed to introduce Kay to his associates. She knew how the average run of men feel about their charming partners in sin. Type One feels inordinately puffed up about the whole idea. He wants people to observe that he's no run-of-the-mill bourgeois. He has a mistress, and down the throats of all and sundry he will stuff her till they cry for help. If she bores them he interprets their boredom as outraged virtue and he feels a very devil of a fellow for having shocked them.

Type Two is the Bohemian whose mistress is his banner of freedom. She proves for him that he had too broad a vision for the town from which he sprang and that in all probability he is a genius.

And then the timid soul. The man who feels guilty and worries constantly lest his friends suspect that he is an outlaw. He introduces his

little playfellow to no one, does his best to keep her from seeing or talking to her fellow creatures and, at the drop of a hat, would deny ever having seen her before.

Kay told David about the three types, acting them out for him with the pompousness, affectation, and guilt attendant in each respective character. David laughed and applauded her effort.

"Tell me," he said, "how do you know these men?"

"Oh, I don't actually know them."

"How do you know what they think and feel and how they act about their loves?"

She puckered her brow in thought. "I don't know how I know," she said.

"I thought not, and yet your pictures are accurate. I know these men, even if you don't. You're strange, Kay."

"Is it strange to know people, David? If I had known as many dogs as I've known people, I would set myself up as an authority on dogs."

"Yes, but most of us don't know people." He looked at her with wondering admiration. "Kay, I don't think you know how clever you are."

She laughed. "David, I promise you that I have all the belief in myself that a person can have without being insufferable. Wait till you see that book of mine when it's finished! It will be great. There, now, does that sound as though I didn't know I was clever?"

"Have you worked on it much?"

SHE threw him a reproachful glance. "Now when would I have worked on it? First it was the apartment to get assembled. That was work."

"But since then?"

"We've been out practically every night."

"What do you do in the daytime?"

"Oh, fuss around, getting this and that done. Next Monday I'm starting, though, in earnest. I'm going to have regular office hours for working. Don't you dare telephone between nine and five."

"I won't," he promised. "Come on now. That's an eight-thirty curtain."

They were going to the theater with Dr. and Mrs. Sterling. Dr. Sterling was a successful and flirtatious gentleman in his late forties. His practice, which had grown from the nucleus of his wife's friends, numbered many imposing names. Mrs. Sterling was smart and attractive. She reminded Kay of Mama. Both the Sterlings were deeply fond of David and had welcomed Kay to their hearts.

At their first meeting Kay had known that Mrs. Sterling was "good family." The doctor was different. He had acquired his polish. It hadn't been born in him. He had learned well, however—his wife was proud of him.

So often had Kay and David been entertained by the Sterlings in their elegant brownstone house that David felt obligated to make some return.



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Hence the theater with supper at the Villa Veronique to follow.

When Kay got home that night there was a telegram under her door:

EN ROUTE TO EUROPE STOP IN NEW YORK THREE DAYS
STOP CALL UP WALDORF TOMORROW STOP LOVE

"It is from Mama and Leonard," she thought immediately. So certain was she, that when she saw the name of Jimmy Kerr's mother there was a second when the name was unfamiliar.

She looked away from the wire. David had picked up a book and was trying to appear politely disinterested in the message. But he was dying to know who had telegraphed and for what reason.

"David, do you remember me mentioning to you a boy named Jimmy Kerr with whom I was raised?"

"I seem to remember hearing of him. Why?"

"This wire is from his mother. She arrives in New York tomorrow and I rather imagine Jimmy will be with her."

"So?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I won't be seeing you till they leave."

"How long are they going to stay?"

"Three days."

"Oh, I guess I can make a three-day sacrifice for your homespun hero."

"David, it's not for Jimmy. I'd just as leave tell him anything I'd ever thought or done. Only those people will go home and see my mother and my stepfather."

He thought he understood now. No girl wanted her mother to know when she was violating the social laws. Why, it would probably break her mother's heart.

"I know, dear," he said. "I'm sorry I got difficult. I guess I'm jealous of Jimmy."

She laughed. "He's only a child. He's nineteen."

"So are you."

"But girls are different."

"Are they?" His eyes fixed themselves on a distant vision which he could see beyond the walls of the little room. "When I was nineteen I was desperately in love. Tell me, is Jimmy in love with you?"

"I don't know. What difference could it make?"

"I was curious. That's all. I'll give you a ring tomorrow if I may."

"Let me call you instead."

"All right." He picked up his hat and kissed her good night.

"Kay, I love you so."

"Of course you do. Why be so gloomy about it?"

"I guess I'm frightened."

"Frightened of a little boy?"

"It sounds foolish when you put it that way."

"It is foolish."

They laughed and kissed again.

SHE went to the window to wave to him. She felt sorry for him. He was frightened and uncertain of what had frightened him. Something more than a nineteen-year-old boy, something more than three lonesome days. Without knowing about her love for Daddy or the row of lilacs or the little stars over the grapevine, he sensed these things. Dimly he was aware that Jimmy Kerr must come with word of a world in which there was no David. Jimmy was a symbol of what had gone before. Nothing that David might do for her would lessen the power of that bond between Kay and Jimmy.

Kay knew these things and pitied David, so before she went to sleep she wrote a little note so that he might know her heart was with him.

Jimmy's father had been dead over six months. Kay was shocked by the news and annoyed with Mama, whose thoughtlessness had let her in for saying to Mrs. Kerr, "Where's Uncle Ralph? Isn't he going to Europe?"

Jimmy was a warm bronze color and developing into a good-looking advertising-poster man like Leonard, only he was different from Leonard. He had a sense of humor and, even at nineteen, a sneaking suspicion that sometimes the other fellow might be in the right.

It was mid-afternoon when she called at the Kerr suite,

but Mrs. Kerr asked her at once if she couldn't arrange to stay through the day and have dinner with them.

"Oh, have dinner with me in my apartment," Kay begged. "I'd like you to see the place."

Mrs. Kerr looked at Jimmy, her fine bright eyes asking him to state his preference.

"I think that would be grand," he said.

The Kerrs waited while Kay phoned her maid. "Gertrude, this is Mrs. Warren. There will be three for dinner. Yes, at seven."

She hung up the receiver. Mrs. Kerr said, "Your mother says you are going to business."

"Oh, yes. I go to business." Kay paused. She remembered with alarm that she had prepared no story for the Kerrs.

"What do you do, child?"

"I solicit advertising."

"You seem to have done well."

"Yes, I can't complain."

"You'd do well at anything," Jimmy said.

"Oh, I don't know. And what are you doing, Jimmy?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer. Dad built up a beautiful business, you know. I'll be taking it over."

NOTHING in the city interested the Kerrs so much as Kay's apartment.

Jimmy said, "This is marvelous, Kay. Where did you find all these things? I thought all New York apartments were done in black patent leather and chromium."

Mrs. Kerr said, "It's a beautiful little place, child. Thank the Lord you haven't hung a warming pan up on the bedroom wall for quaintness."

"Do you really like it?"

"I'll show you how much I like it. When I come back from Europe, you can shop here for complete refurnishings of my second floor and send me the bills. I'll pay you a decorator's price."

Gertrude had planned a good sensible dinner, and Kay was proud to play hostess. She saw that Mrs. Kerr was pleased and surprised to see how well she managed things.

"I don't care what people say, Kay, humans are changing. At nineteen, if left alone, I would have made a mess out of my life."

Kay smiled, "I did that at seventeen, Mrs. Kerr."

"You did not! You certainly did not. You married the wrong man, we'll say, but you found that out, left him, and embarked upon a new life. Without crying over spilled milk you went right ahead in a sensible fashion, and you'll make a success of yourself."

Kay felt small and very cheap. Suppose Mrs. Kerr knew the truth—the real truth of how she had actually felt about Billy. Suppose she knew about David and how the apartment had been furnished. No, humans hadn't changed. Girls were still not to be trusted.

The Kerrs left at ten o'clock, after inviting Kay to dinner and the theater for the following evening. Mrs. Kerr said, "Maybe I shouldn't go to plays when Jimmy's father is dead so short a time, but I know that he would want me to go."

In unison Kay and Jimmy replied, "Of course he would."

But she complained of a headache the following evening and did not even go out to dinner.

"You children go on alone," she said.

They went on alone because she grew peevish when they offered to stay with her.

Kay thought, "She approves of me. She wants us both to know that she approves. Jimmy mustn't be led into the habit of counting on me. It would be too cruel."

In the restaurant he looked across the table at her and said, "This is marvelous! I wish we weren't going to Europe."

"If you weren't going to Europe, you'd go back home anyway, wouldn't you?"

"When are you going back?"

"I don't know, Jimmy. Maybe never. Tell me, how is the great Dane?"

"What great Dane?"

"The one Leonard has that used to be mine."

"Oh, that one. He's fine. Anything or anybody else you want to ask about?"

She shook her head. "Should there be?" She puckered her brow; then, "Oh, I know. You think I ought to ask after my husband's health. Well, how is he?"

"I see him in the drug store. He looks healthy. I wouldn't have felt hurt, you know, had you overlooked him. I just wondered if you still loved him."

Kay said, "I never loved him."

"You thought you did," Jimmy put in helpfully.

"Yes"—weakly she said it—"I thought I did." There had been a moment when she had believed that she could explain the whole thing to Jimmy, a moment when she had thought to tell him how much she had wanted Billy but that it had never been love. But she remembered that Jimmy couldn't understand. He was too young.

"It was an awful shock to me when you married him, Kay. You seemed such a kid. You still do."

She laughed. She seemed childish to him. No doubt he, too, had thoughts which he believed her too immature to comprehend.

"We're both children still, Jimmy."

"But we'll grow up. What are we going to do with ourselves then, Kay?"

"Who knows?" The conversation was growing difficult. She must head him off. Casually she said, "There's a man here who's interested in me."

"There will always be men interested in you."

"FLATTERER. But seriously, I rather like him. You'd like him, too, Jimmy." She glanced at him to see how he was bearing up. He had to know that he wasn't in the race and to tell him now would save his self-respect.

He said, "Kay, boys discussing a cheap girl have a line that they use in kidding. They say, 'How would you like to bring her home to mother?' When they say that, I always think of you and Billy Warren. Can you imagine bringing him home to your father?"

"I've been over that too much with myself, Jimmy, for it to sound new. Why do you mention it now?"

"Because I'm wondering about the new man."

"My father would like him."

"I'm glad of that. I hope you'll be happy."

"Heavens, how you do settle my life! The man and I go about together, but we're only friends."

Jimmy said, "As though any man could be friends with you."

"Why, Jimmy!" She laughed and added, "How precocious you are."

"Oh, yes, I belong to that younger generation you may have heard something about. I know there's no Santa Claus. That's why I'm going to Europe with my mother."

"I don't seem to get the connection. You know there's no Santa Claus, so for that reason you're going to Europe with your mother. What do you mean?"

"Only that my mother doesn't know there's no Santa Claus, Kay."

She flushed but did not dare to answer him. Apparently it had been a mistake to let him see the apartment. But how could she have guessed that he was growing up?

He had the grace to look away from the rush of sudden color which had darkened her face.

He said, "Shall we go? The first act must be very nearly over by now, and that will make our entrance just about right. Don't smart New Yorkers always come in whispering and giggling just as the actors are working toward a climax?"

She did not answer him. She knew he did not expect an answer. He had been chattering along to give her a chance to recuperate from the blow he had dealt her.

She was sorry that he had caught her in a net of lies, and embarrassed beyond words that she was not worried. Jimmy would not breathe to a soul the fact that there was no Santa Claus. He would gravely tell Mama and Leonard just what she wanted them to hear. She could count on him for that. Even in anger he wouldn't sell her out, for he was what the masses, lacking contacts with both the upper world and a better word, know as a gentleman.

Jimmy Kerr apparently divines Kay's secret mode of life in New York. And that doesn't worry her particularly since she knows he will shield her. But will that end Kay with Jimmy? Next week's installment brings a surprising development.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 36

1—In 1812 the United States army purchasing agent at Troy, New York, was Samuel Wilson. Boxes of army supplies were marked U. S., and it was facetiously remarked that they belonged to "Uncle Sam Wilson."

2—Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

3—An Eskimo boat made of skins stretched over a wooden frame.

4—An Indian chief, who led his tribe in the Black Hawk War against the United States.

5—A famous English jurist and writer on legal subjects.

6—Diamond.

7—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 3, 1775.

8—From the Latin *serere*, to bind; the *de* is negative, giving the meaning unbound, or solitary.

9—Chief Justice John Marshall.

10—Antarctica.

11—Occurring twice every year; also once in two years.

12—At Manchester, England.

13—Texas, with 17,197.93 miles.

14—The Raven, by Edgar Allan Poe.

15—The flute.

16—27,972 feet, near Porto Rico.

17—At the base of the skull cavity.

18—A species of trout.

19—About fifty statute miles.

20—That between Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans, September 7, 1892.

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THE WOMAN OF TODAY—AND THE NEXT GENERATION

BRONX, N. Y.—Militant feminists today are finding that their battle is not half over. Although woman has received her suffrage, her vote has not discouraged discrimination as to positions she may hold and even discrimination as to salaries for positions she has forced her way into. They claim equality, these feminists do, but they have not proved it—nor can they prove it with the method they have adopted.

It seems outrageous, even to many male minds, that a well bred, well fed citizen of the second quarter of the twentieth century should take as his thesis that a woman's place is in the home. No doubt it is terrible to limit an intelligent and well educated woman to the one career of homemaking, if homemaking is to be construed as the most monotonous of routines. But the home is the place where the woman can demonstrate her exclusive genius. She can prove her equality with man if she can elevate her sphere to the level of his. She made a big mistake this last generation or two in trying to jump over into his sphere instead.

The comparison between efficient, scientific business methods and kitchen methods has been made before, but mostly by automatic refrigerator companies' advertisements. How many housewives, however, can tell you the chemical reaction (or lack of it) involved when their cakes fail to rise? How many housewives approach their cooking with a thorough and scientific knowledge of dietetics?

How many mothers have taken the pains to educate themselves in the various psychological periods through which their children pass, and learn to deal with them adequately? A mother must have the knowledge and skill of a trained nurse. She must know pedagogy, because not half of the children's educations are attained in school. If she is accomplished as a musician, a linguist, an artist, she can add that much more to her children's education.

The homemaker can be successful as such only if she has a thorough knowledge of interior decorating. Color harmony, line harmony, material and furniture values must be a part of her homemaking career.

The successful homemaker must be a bookkeeping and accounting expert. She must be cultured; she must know how to keep herself personally attractive; she should be an efficient and graceful hostess. Any field of knowledge she brings to this career can add to her success.

And this difficult, expert-needing job has been held by "instinct" so far. Girls who have undertaken homemaking have undertaken this tremendous job with no training but observation and some participation at home under methods generations old. If a large business concern should hire employees who have had no training but observation and some participation in fifteenth-century office methods, the business would fall into the condition of many modern homes with their children full of bad habits and inhibitions, their families dyspeptic and disagreeable.

Nothing can be accomplished unless woman is willing to prove her equality where she belongs. She prefers to fill many routine office jobs today, when there is a much more interesting field at home.

Woman today has no right to neglect the next generation. It is up to her to raise it in the way we have begun to wish we had gone. The public schools, because of their very nature, cannot do much. Tolerance, open-mindedness, thought, with many other assets, are what she owes to her children and the next generation in general. There are others who can do her work in the office but none can do her work in the home. Rich or poor—there is her job. And if she makes it a profession she will have proved her equality with man.—*Marmaduke Q. Tone.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay \$25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.

Mr. Tone's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent \$25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

MANUFACTURER IN A CHICKEN HOUSE

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. — My story bears out Bernarr Macfadden's editorial statement of March 17 Liberty that it is possible to live on fifty cents to a dollar a week. Here is the list of food purchases I made the other day with fifty cents, my salary: 1 pound potatoes, \$.03; 1 pound cabbage, \$.01; 1 pound sugar, \$.05; 1 dozen oranges, \$.05; 1 pound onions, \$.04; 1 pound string beans, \$.05; ½ pound bacon, \$.07; 5 pounds corn meal, \$.11; tobacco, \$.05—total, \$.46. Four cents left to splurge with! Flour, rice, and tea on

hand from previous purchases; fish and oysters from Tampa Bay at my doorstep.

No rent—I live in a chicken house. A year ago I was a manufacturer in New York City, with more than fifteen employees on my pay roll. I had to sell my business for a pittance and a short time later was destitute.—*Roban Ariave.*

RUM-CHASERS

CHICAGO, ILL. — Concerning Hard-Boiled Heroes (beginning in May 26 Liberty), let me say that Will Irwin has picked a tough job for himself. May he do the Coast Guard the justice it deserves and very seldom receives.

Vox

I know whereof I speak when I say that the public knows very little of the sacrifice and danger to which its members are subjected. I served on four of C. G. destroyers in rum-chasing and also fourteen other duties of which John Public is unaware. And yet we were called quite a few names which might not be repeated in church!—*L. L. Kiewicz.*

LAUGHING TIME 38 MINUTES
15 SECONDS

DETROIT, MICH.—After reading Big, by Owen Francis, in June 2 Liberty, I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Your reading time was 21 minutes 45 seconds; but it took me an hour to read the story, I laughed so much.—*Roy Van Nostrand.*

MORE INDIGNATION

WICHITA, KAN.—I heard a recent radio talk by your editor and was highly gratified at his mention of the desirability of more indignation at things that are wrong in public affairs. We are certainly too complacent. Lord Northcliffe was shrewdly right when he stated that American people are the most docile of any in the world.

In Wichita immense amounts of utilities stock have been sold for about sixty dollars, whereas the real value of that stock was about two dollars. Our people have been paying millions of dollars the past few years in excess of a fair price for natural gas supplied by utilities combines.

Mr. Roosevelt was unfortunate in taking a vacation on Vincent Astor's yacht, for the Astor family typifies the manner in which the American people have been drained under our stupid tax system. I am not condemning Astor or any other magnate for taking what is given to them by the people. It is our lawmakers who are to blame.

There is apparently a greater degree of ignorance in Congress concerning economic questions than anywhere else in the country, unless it is in our subsidized universities.—*Henry Ware Allen.*

"MASSACHUSETTERS"?

RUTLAND, VT.—Just a word to P. W. Price in June 2 Vox Pop.

I can see no reason to make anything out of Massachusetts. Just as we have Vermonters and Kentuckians, why not drop the "s" and add "ers" and call natives of Massachusetts Massachussetters? Looks and sounds very simple to me.—*J. A. B.*

DO CALIFORNIANS EAT ARIZONA GRAPEFRUIT?

BELL, CALIF. — Seventeen million cheers for S. H. Gray of San Bernardino, California—the only living "native son" who ever would admit (in June 2

Pop

Vox Pop) that there are two sides to our fair state. However, when he mentioned the earthquakes, the extreme heat, damp cold, floods, droughts, etc., he forgot to add that our rivers have water in them only in January and are bone-dry the balance of the year. Also that shade trees are too scarce and all those beautiful "wild flowers" you view on our colored post cards are quite tame, having been grown by our Japanese farmers for commercial purposes. Ha-ha!—*Blanche Douglas.*

CUDAHY, CALIF.—I agree with the "native son" who was brave enough to write in Vox Pop that our much advertised state is not the perfect paradise it is cracked up to be. Our oranges are sour; we eat Arizona grapefruit; our sweet corn is so wormy we have to shut our eyes when we tackle it; cabbage heads are so loose the bugs reach the heart; and our new peas are flat and tasteless. Californians should tell the truth about our state, thus preventing a lot of disappointment.—*Mrs. Walter Kaufman.*

HOLLIS, OKLA.—In addition to the many things they have in California, they also have Tom Mooney.—*O. P. Sammons.*

CHARACTER AND A FEW PIECES OF GOLD

EAST LYNN, MASS.—Adolph Dickman's statement (May 26 Vox Pop) that God-fearing, church-going people have done more harm than our worst criminals and that we should legalize gambling to halt crime is just the kind of propaganda that is retarding the morals of our country and corrupting the minds of our youth.

Things today are in a great maze. There is but one solution. We must turn to God. We must have more God-fearing people.

Ours must be a God-fearing nation if we are to exist.

We must have men—men who put character ahead of a few pieces of gold. It was for lack of these that the prohibition law failed.—*H. J. Dunn.*

DIFFERENT LANDS, DIFFERENT LAWS

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Having read and heard much about Fascism, Hitlerism, Communism, etc.,

I have come to the conclusion that no one type of government can suffice for all the countries in the world. Different types of government are suited for the countries in which they are developed.

In Russia even under the Czars there was a communism of the peasants, who held their land in common. Whether Hitler will really help Germany out of her difficulties yet remains to be seen. Mussolini has done good for Italy and brought back some measure of prosperity at the cost of the personal liberty of the masses.

Because Americans would never submit to being ruled by the army under a dictator, American problems are American problems only—not Russian, German, or Italian problems. America must find the solution to her problems within her own borders and not try to use foreign systems.—*W. A. Crolfman.*

PS. When I say Americans I mean us Canadians also.

WHAT THE JEWS WANT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What the Jews Want from Hitler (June 2 Liberty) presents a problem every American should greatly worry about. Your magazine bearing this article should be sent into every home and Sunday school, paid for by the American government. Out of mere gratefulness for such an act, Hitler should use all his terror, about which the Jews so kindly enlightened us, to force the German people to worry about what the Japanese want from our Pacific coast.

I am sure that Hitler would appreciate it if you would send to him the article, as he seems to be short-sighted enough to worry only about the welfare of the German people. A man who does not know what the Jews want has no right to be called civilized.

By having never investigated one of our lynchings, the Germans prove themselves to be conceited by minding their own business.

Heil Hitler! America awake!—*Hanns L. Winterhalder.*

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THE NAME OF A PRINCESS

SAVANNAH, GA.—Now that you have satisfied our curiosity as to how Princess Alexandra Kropotkin looks, how about letting us have the low-down on how her name is pronounced?—*A Reader.*

[It's pronounced Kro-pot'-kin, with the accent on the second syllable.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

500 RESERVE OFFICERS MUST BE RIGHT

HOUSTON, TEX.—Recent articles in your splendid magazine which point conclusively to our most inadequate national defense prompted 500 reserve officers to vote unanimously to commend Liberty's willingness to publish these and similar articles.

We are of the firm opinion that our national-defense structure is woefully below the danger mark and we commend Liberty upon its stand. It is our desire that this good work continue. And please accept our wishes for the continued growth of your splendid publication.—*Jeff Barnette, President, Reserve Officers Association of the United States, Houston Chapter.*

"A LOT OF NINCOMPOOPS"

CHICAGO, ILL.—I heartily agree with John J. McGraw when he said in his concluding article of Big League Stuff (May 19 Liberty) that baseball today isn't the same game of years ago. As a ball player myself for the last fifteen years, I say the players of today are a lot of nincompoops.

Years ago, if a ball player had a sore arm, nobody but said ball player knew it. But today the sore-arm boys must tell the world about it, see bone specialists and what not. It is true the game of today is played more scientifically. There are smarter plays and more brain work. But where is the old-time fighting spirit?—*William C. Draper.*

"THEY CHISEL THE THIRTY DAYS"

GREENVILLE, ME.—In reading Vox Pop in regard to the CCC it has been my experience that these rookies get their money every month. They chisel the thirty days, and when pay day comes we natives who have extended them credit and given them a good time hold the bag.

There is no justice in that kind of people. It is a class that, as a whole, is out to trim somebody, even the government.—*R. B. C.*



By Ralph Fuller

"Aw, Mary, don't make a scene."

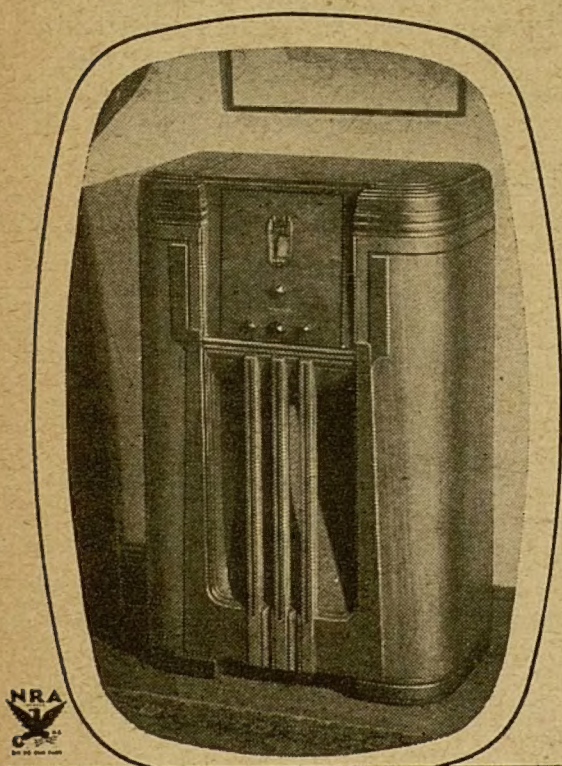
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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

SOCIETY SNUBS ROOSEVELT

By

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

An amazing disclosure, from one who knows, of the American aristocracy's attitude toward "that Red President"

THE ROUÉ'S DAUGHTER

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Girls are a problem these days—Here is the story of one who gave her parents (as she will give you) a bit of a surprise

Other stories and articles by Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, Erle Stanley Gardner, Myles Coen, Leonard Falkner, Nard Jones, and others

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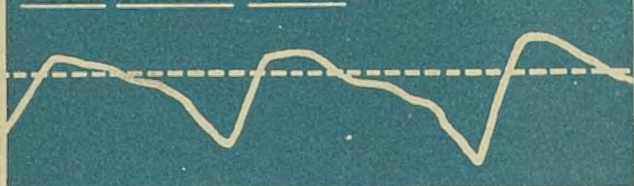
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